HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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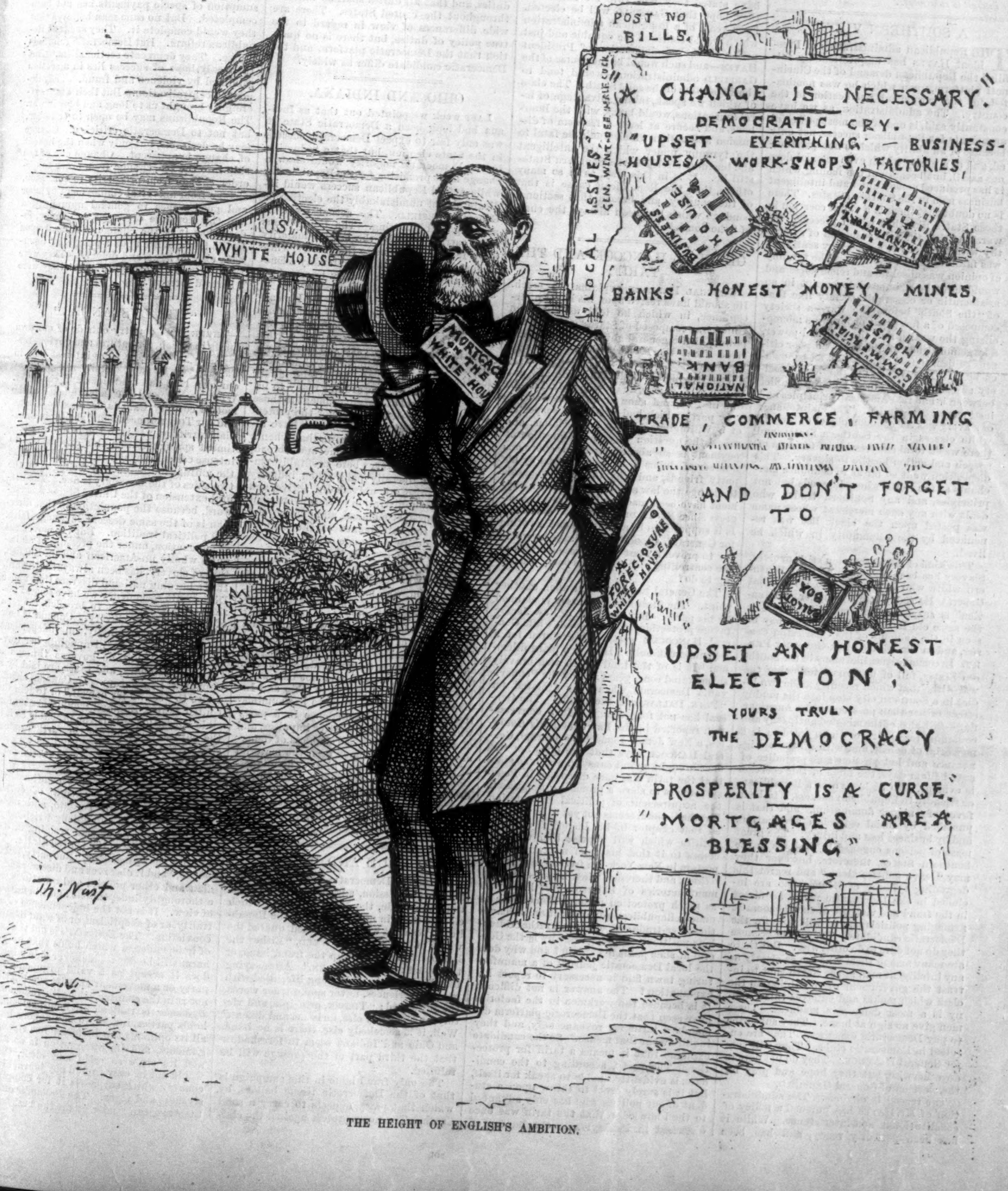


THE HEIGHT OF ENGLISH'S AMBITION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51, issued October 19, opens with "Rabbits to Find," a brisk autumn story for boys, by W. O. STODDARD, *illustrated by* MCCUTCHEON. *It is followed by seasonable tales and sketches by* JOHN HABBERTON, J. ESTEN COOKE, CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, SHERWOOD BONNER, *and* CHARLES MORRIS. *Among the illustrations are two full pages by* KATE GREENAWAY, *an exquisite etching by* W. S. COLEMAN, *several drawings by* JESSIE CURTIS, *one each from* HOWARD PYLE *and* THULSTRUP, *and a full page of Wiggles drawn by young contributors. Amongst the poetry of this Number is a heroic poem entitled "The Plumes of Crécy," which is capital for school declamation. Our Post-office Box contains an announcement of interest to subscribers.*

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

THE Republican administration of President HAYES has unquestionably fulfilled the Republican demand of the Cincinnati platform, upon which he was nominated, for the permanent pacification of the country. The administration, as we have constantly said, is one of the most powerful arguments for Republican success, not only because of an ability which is not questioned, and of a purity which even scandal does not assail, but because of the feeling which it has produced among quiet and intelligent business men in the Southern States. There is no doubt that there is a moral coercion in those States like that which preceded the war. At that time the suspicion of sympathy with Northern or antislavery sentiment was fatal to business success. The tyranny of opinion was absolute and remorseless, and would have been impossible except in an aristocratic or oligarchic society like that of "the South" before the war—a society composed of a few great proprietors monopolizing the wealth and the political power, a large multitude of ignorant and poor citizens subject to this class, and of slaves owned by it. This was as un-American a society as could be imagined, and the conflict between it and real American principles and instincts was inevitable. The maintenance of slavery was the common object of the two white classes in the Southern States, and there was a total suppression of freedom of speech and action hostile to slavery. This disposition went so far as to denounce merchants at the North who sold goods but not principles, and any Southern trader who dealt with any such merchant whose name was posted upon the black list was renounced by the community in which he lived.

This kind of moral coercion still survives. Slavery has been abolished, but the Southern white who is supposed to favor what General HANCOCK calls "nigger domination" is suspected and marked. There is the same old Bourbon terrorism, as may be seen in the columns of the Charleston *Courier*, and in the advice of ex-Governor PERRY. In communities, like many in the Southern States, full of bitterness following the war—like that which recently made two ladies in a Southern city step into the muddy street rather than pass under the American flag—full, also, of the mingled antipathy and contempt for the race whose freedom is a memorial of defeat, and with all the old ignorance and hot passion and prejudice of ante-bellum days, the force of this coercion is evident. To be known as a Republican, or friendly to Republican success, is to be in favor of "nigger domination," and that is punished by social ostracism and hatred, and by business loss and injury. The great mass of persons engaged in business in the Southern States, therefore, however they may "leave politics alone," and regret this degrading tyranny of Bourbonism, are included in the Democratic party, acquiesce in the fraud and violence of the Democratic managing politicians, and will vote for the Democratic candidate. They do so because they do not dare to do otherwise. But there are many among them who see as clearly as any intelligent man at the North that to intrust the government of the Union to the class which makes and enforces this tyranny is a most dangerous madness. These men give no sign at home. They subscribe to pay Democratic expenses. They are enrolled in Democratic clubs. They will vote for General HANCOCK. They do not dare to do otherwise, but they hope and pray for the election of General GARFIELD.

The reason is obvious. The administration of Mr. HAYES has pursued a policy of constitutional non-interference. While it has been perfectly ready, and has been known to be ready, firmly to enforce the whole extent of constitutional authority, its friendly and pacific disposition has been equally known, and its freedom from the control of questionable Republican counsels. During this administration, and despite the practical violent and fraudulent suppression of the colored vote which had been accomplished before President HAYES came in, the business interests of "the South" have greatly increased and flourished. They share the general prosperity of the country, and there is a class of business men in those States who are as little desirous of a change which can by no possibility help them, and may very easily and very probably injure them, as the great mass of business men in other parts of the country. Such Southern men have unconsciously, yet naturally, experienced a change of heart which they had not thought possible. They have come to associate prosperity, success, and content with the Republican name. They do not, indeed, like the name, and they do not take it. But they see that Republican success would assure and confirm their prosperity, and while, for the reasons we have stated, they will vote for HANCOCK, they hope that GARFIELD will be elected. Four years of a Republican administration which would continue the equable and just policy of the administration of President HAYES—and such would be the course of the GARFIELD administration—would tend to the dissolution of the solid South. The class of which we speak, taking advantage of local contentions, would break with the Bourbons, and secure at least a freedom of discussion and action which would be fatal to the tyranny under which the intelligent and business circles in the Southern States still lie. It is in this way, as in so many others, that the Republican cause is that of the country, and breaks that sectional bondage which has been always the curse of "the South."

GENERAL HANCOCK AND THE TARIFF.

GENERAL HANCOCK explains too much. He should have rested upon his letter of acceptance, in which he told us that the Union was composed of States, and that the powers of the general government were derived from the Constitution. That was large and indisputable. But when he wrote a letter saying that he would veto any bill to pay rebel claims, he did what Mr. TILDEN did in 1876, and showed that his was the only party which had ever been suspected of a willingness to pay such claims, and raised the question why, if the question of payment is so absurd, such an enormous number of claims have been entered by his party friends, and why thirteen proposals to change the law so as to permit such payment have been made by Democrats in Congress since Mr. TILDEN's letter was written. Is it supposed to be a good reason for voting for General HANCOCK that he says he would try to prevent what the representatives of the controlling element of his party are trying to do?

The General has explained upon another point. The State of New Jersey is claimed by his party. But the State of New Jersey favors protection, it is supposed, while General HANCOCK's party has declared for a revenue tariff only. Here is a plain dilemma. It is of the kind which was bravely surmounted some years ago by the Pennsylvania Democrats when they declared for "POLK, DALLAS, and the tariff." The General has not forgotten it. In a conversation reported in the Paterson *Daily Guardian*, a New Jersey Democratic journal, General HANCOCK says that the question was once brought up in Pennsylvania. To state that the tariff was once discussed in Pennsylvania is to show a promising progress in the acquirement of political information. But the General seems not yet to have reached that chapter in his historical study of politics which will apprise him when he comes to it that his chief mercantile supporters in New York are free-traders *par excellence*, and therefore when he says that the manufactories of Paterson will have just as much protection under a Democratic as under a Republican administration, he leaves these free-trade supporters in a rather ridiculous position. Now, again, why is the General at such pains to explain? and why does the local Democratic journal of a manufacturing town find it necessary to report his explanation? The answer is not difficult. It is because the workmen in the factories have seen that the Democratic platform demands a tariff for revenue only, and they inquire what that means. So the candidate explains that it means a tariff for protection. The party, according to the candidate, is evidently unable to speak for itself, but it is surely cruel to throw upon a student of our politics who has only advanced to the knowledge that the tariff was once discussed in Pennsylvania the burden of explaining that a tariff for revenue only means a tariff for protection.

But the General is in for it, and resolutely elucidates the whole subject. "The tariff question is a local question," he says...... "It is a matter that the general government seldom cares to interfere with." So, then, New Jersey will make her own tariff. The General has plainly not advanced in his studies beyond the Confederation. Perhaps he is of opinion that when the general government does care to interfere with the matter, it will politely ask New Jersey to bring her end of the schooner to anchor. He has carefully told us in his letter of acceptance that the general government has general powers, and that the State governments have State powers for purposes local to the States. Presently, no doubt, he will advance in his studies to the point of learning that the constitutional powers of the general government are constant and universal, and operative immediately through its own officers upon every citizen; and when he gets to the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution, which defines the powers of Congress, he will see that the very first clause provides that it shall lay and collect duties, and that all duties shall be uniform throughout the United States. There are wide differences of view in regard to the true policy of duties, but there is no question that the Democratic platform and the Democratic candidate differ as widely.

OHIO AND INDIANA.

LAST week we pointed out that as Indiana had long been a Democratic State, it was only fair to expect Democratic success in the State election, but that a reduction in the Democratic majority would show a change most promising for the Republicans, while actual Republican success would indicate almost unmistakably the election of General GARFIELD. The actual result is amazing and inspiring. The Republicans have carried Ohio by the largest majority since 1872, probably more than 20,000, while in Indiana, which has been steadily Democratic, the Republican victory is complete, and secures a United States Senator.

This is a most significant fact. It is another evidence of the general good sense which is the assumption of popular government. It shows that the people of this country, who paid so vast and precious a price for the preservation of the Union, and for the maintenance of equal rights as its perpetual corner-stone, are not ready to intrust the control of the government to those who sought its destruction, nor the protection of equal rights to those who have always scorned them. It shows that when a country is at peace at home and abroad, when labor is everywhere profitably employed and liberally paid, when industry and enterprise are universally active, and when the administration of the government is able, honest, economical, and pure beyond reproach, the intelligence of the country does not desire a change which involves neither the promise nor the chance of improvement.

No man who recalls the fierce contest of the rebellion, who has read history intelligently, and who has watched closely the situation of this country since the war, but must feel his heart swelling with exultation at every sign of national fidelity to the great principles which conquered in the struggle, and at the evident popular determination to go steadily forward, and not backward. The result of the elections in Ohio and Indiana is a verdict of honor to the administration, of renewed confidence in a party which is swayed by its better impulses, and of scorn for the wretched slanders of General GARFIELD, which have been the material of the campaign against him. The unquestionable majority of the people of the United States hold unchangeably to the principles and purposes which triumphed at Gettysburg. It is not they who falter: it is General HANCOCK who has changed.

NO ISSUE AND DEFEAT.

WHILE the Democratic National Convention was in session, and before its nomination was made, the New York *Sun*, which clothed itself in mourning when the Republican President was inaugurated, quoted the words of Mr. THURLOW WEED, "Either the Democrats must give up the fraud issue, or they must nominate TILDEN." After saying that Mr. WEED in all his long life, filled with great experiences, never spoke truer words, the *Sun* added: "TILDEN, principle, and victory, or somebody else, no issue, and defeat." Well, it is somebody else, there is no issue, and Ohio and Indiana seem to foreshadow that the third part of the presage will be fulfilled.

The only fraud issue in this campaign is that of the Democratic tissue ballots, by which that party expects to carry a solid South. The noisy protest against the election laws and the efforts to nullify them are all parts of the same policy of fraud made easy which the Democratic party has always favored. The naturalization outrages in New York in 1868 belong to the same hostility to the guarantees of honest elections which characterizes the Democratic party. The bulldozing and Ku-Kluxery of the Southern States are designed to suppress a fair vote; and the great traditional opposition to the safeguards of honest voting has proceeded from the Democratic party.

In losing what they call the fraud issue—by which they mean the decision of the Electoral Commission, and not the cipher conspiracy to buy the Presidency—the Democrats have found no other issue except the desirability of change and a chance at the offices. A financial policy, a reform policy, or any policy of administration they have not proposed. They have traduced Republican administration, but they have shown nothing in the Democratic record or prospects to prove that Democratic administration would be better. It is not enough to criticise and assail. The assailant must furnish strong evidence that he would do better, or that the situation would change advantageously. The Democrats say that resumption of specie payments has not been completed. But no sane man believes that they would complete it. They sneer at Republican reform. But Democratic reform is a joke. They deprecate sectionalism. But their only hope of success lies in a section solidified by violence and fraud. They denounce centralization. But their State sovereignty brought us to long and bloody war. The Republicans may be open to criticism, but not to Democratic criticism. Change may be desirable, but only when the benefit of change is apparent. Change out of the ship into the sea, change from order to disorder, change from prosperity to confusion, change from universal employment of labor and good wages to general apprehension and the stoppage of wages, is change, indeed, but it is the change of a flood upon fertile fields, of fire upon a prairie. "Somebody else, no issue, and defeat." They were rueful words of anticipation, but they were a shrewd forecast.

"THE BYSTANDER."

THERE is no country outside of our own limits in which, for natural and obvious reasons, we should take more interest than in Canada. It is substantially a country of our own race and traditions and character. When we asserted our independence of the mother country, Canada declined to join us, and our Tory refugees found shelter in Canadian territory. It is to the hereditary sentiment springing from this exodus, and to intense colonial loyalty to the old land, that the mutual indifference of feeling upon the two sides of the boundary is due. The natural extension of the United States is northward, because the population in that direction is of the same descent, language, faith, and political tradition. But the movement of annexation, under the pressure of an impulse wholly un-American and un-English, that of slavery, has been always southward. It is a burning national disgrace that under Democratic ascendency we have sought territorial extension, not to broaden the area of liberty, but of slavery. Canada is now virtually, not nominally, an independent country. England still appoints her Governor-General, but he governs through a Canadian Ministry, and taxes are laid by a Canadian Legislature. If Canada should desire to "set up for herself," or to join the United States, England would offer no forcible opposition. It is the probable as it is the natural direction for the further extension of the United States, and, as we said, the Canadian situation should therefore especially interest us.

We have more than once mentioned the *Bystander*, a monthly review of current events, published in Toronto, and understood to be edited and chiefly written by a distinguished Englishman residing in Canada, and friendly to the United States. The motto of the *Bystander* is, "Not party, but the people," and it observes and discusses Canadian and other politics and questions from a thoroughly independent and liberal point of view. It is not the independence of neutrality, or of skepticism, or of want of strong conviction. The *Bystander's* is not that kind of independence which holds that no great harm will be done whichever side wins, nor does it accept as a valid argument for a party or a movement that its success would not ruin the country. The liberalism of the *Bystander* is radical, but non-partisan. It holds parties, indeed, to be dangers, but for all its opinions the *Bystander* has strong arguments, and its information is so ample, and its style so crisp and clear, that it would not be easy to find any journal in any country which surpasses it for comprehensiveness and vigor. The *Bystander* offers to the American reader by far the best method

of informing himself about Canada. It is a handy little periodical of about fifty pages, and is furnished for one dollar a year. Its good sense and accuracy of observation are illustrated in some remarks in the October number upon our Presidential election. Among them are these: "Yet no one, we think, can have seen much of American politics without forming the opinion, which we have already expressed, that, on the whole, the steady-going industry of the people, its sound morality, its intelligence, its respect for law—those qualities on which free institutions rest—are arrayed on the Republican side. The Toryism of the United States, perhaps, is to be found in the plutocratic element of the Democratic party, but the conservatism, in the proper sense of the term, is Republican."

This is very true, and very admirably said. The English Tory instinctively takes to the Democratic side in American politics. The liberal and progressive Englishmen who carry on the cause of Pym and Hampden and Milton, of the Revolution, and the opposition to George the Third, and lately to Lord Beaconsfield and his scientific frontier, instinctively ally themselves with Republicans. It is the old fight in all branches of the race. Privilege on one side, equality and liberty on the other. The *Bystander*, with equal sagacity, remarks further upon our situation: "We should, in this case, again, have to ask why it is that all things most lawless and dangerous seem to range themselves upon the same side [the Democratic]. The honorable leaders of the party no doubt flatter themselves that they can use a solid South, the Irish, Tammany, Greenbackism, and Kearneyism in recovering power, and set them at naught or balk them of their object when power has been recovered. This, to begin with, is slippery work, but the notion is a mere delusion. Democratic government will be a government of the South, the Irish, Tammany, Greenbackism, and Kearneyism combined, though not harmonized, and perhaps more or less managed by a leading element of strong plutocracy." How true this is is shown by the complete subjugation of the "decent" Democracy in New York by Tammany. The difference in the tone of the "decent" Democracy this October and at the same time last year vindicates perfectly the truth of the *Bystander's* remark; and it illustrates the value of General Hancock's personal protestations. Mr. Tilden, and the great majority of the Democratic party in this State, with its "regular" organization, have all been swept away like chaff by Tammany ignorance, venality, and brutality. They are its humble followers to-day. Does General Hancock suppose that *he* is going to withstand this malign force? Our readers will see that an observer who marks so shrewdly our own affairs is the best possible source of information about those of Canada.

A BEWILDERED DEMOCRAT.

It is a very simple and obvious proposition that if the Legislature of New York or of any other State should constitutionally change the method of appointing Presidential electors for the State, the refusal of Congress to count the votes of electors so appointed would be revolutionary. But a Democratic correspondent informs us that we are wholly wrong, and for the following reason, which apparently satisfies his mind:

"You will find in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution not only the authority but the express duty of Congress to restrict the right of representation in Congress, in any State (upon which their right to representation in the Electoral College wholly depends), in proportion as the number of male citizens over twenty-one years old, who are allowed to vote for electors and other designated officers, are, by the action of the Legislature thereof, 'denied' or 'abridged,' and as the voting population of Delaware exceeds in number the voting population of New York, when restricted to the Legislature of the latter State, how could Congress do otherwise than restrict the representative power of New York to the same number of Representatives in Congress, and consequently in the Electoral College, as Delaware, without ignoring, disregarding, and nullifying the plain terms of the Fourteenth Amendment in both the spirit and letter thereof?"

This correspondent further informs us that as "the Democracy" is especially pledged to the maintenance of the Constitution in all its parts (see the history of the United States from 1861 to 1865), and, above all, to the enforcement of the new amendments (see the Democratic vote in Congress upon their adoption, and the Democratic platform of '68, declaring them to be unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void), a Democratic Congress would feel obliged practically to set aside electors appointed by the Legislature of a State.

We have all had experience of Democratic respect for the Constitution. But this correspondent, before expounding that instrument, should endeavor to ascertain what it says. The second section of the second article provides as follows: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were chosen by electors appointed by the State Legislatures.

PEACE AT THE POLLS.

It is not only the Republican and Democratic parties which are on trial at this election, but it is the republic itself. The old sneer is that we shall break down under our elections, that either force or fraud will so plainly carry them that the defeated party will not submit. The meeting at Indianapolis, therefore, just before the Indiana election, in which leading men of both sides took part, and agreed that they would do all that was possible to secure an orderly poll, was a sign of that spirit which makes and preserves a republic, and without which popular government is impossible. It was the same patriotic spirit which drew us safely through the hopeless and threatening snarl of the last Presidential election, and baffled the demagogues and incendiaries of every kind and degree.

An illustration of the anarchical spirit which constantly threatens a popular as well as a monarchical government was the appeal of a paper in Indiana to riot and bloodshed by the assertion that the money was in bank to pay for the defense of anybody who should violently resist an officer executing a law. The same Kearneyism is shown by the reported instructions of Tammany Hall to its bullies to resist at all hazards the execution of certain orders and laws. Now if laws are unconstitutional or unrighteous, or if orders are illegal, the remedy is not violence, riot, and anarchy, such as the Indiana paper and the reported instructions of Tammany advise. If a law is unconstitutional, the fact can be ascertained only by the decision of the courts, not of a hot partisan editor; and if rules are illegal, the officer who issues them can be lawfully punished. In any American theory of rights, resort to revolution is justifiable, not when wrongs are evident, but when they are peacefully and legally irremediable.

The danger of outbreak at the polls was happily averted in Indiana by the good sense of the community. The elections in New York have long been peaceful, since the election laws following the Tweed frauds were passed. It is the interest of every good citizen to promote good order at the polls, for every peaceful election is a fresh triumph for popular government.

BOYS IN BLUE.

The parade of the New York Boys in Blue was a brilliant spectacle, and it was the more interesting from the presence of General Grant. It was a very appropriate tribute to the Republican candidate, for General Garfield, as he was one of the first, may be called also the typical Boy in Blue. He is an admirable representative of the American citizens who, when the war came, left their pursuits, as Putnam left his plough in the furrow, and marched to defend their government and save their country. The story of Garfield's campaign in Kentucky, of his brilliant march and strategy, and expulsion of Humphrey Marshall with his greatly superior force, is one of the most heroic and striking in the annals of the war, and naturally moved the admiration of President Lincoln.

It was the deed of an American citizen whose honest and sturdy character and carefully trained ability enabled him to turn successfully to any new form of duty, and this was the distinction of the Boys in Blue. The young men who went from the workshop and the office, from the college and the common school, to brave every danger for the national cause, were men like Garfield; and when the time came they returned, as he did, to the pursuits of peace. Such men are the hope and stay of the country. It is the citizen volunteer who is the bulwark of the nation.

The Boys in Blue represent this class of citizens. Those who marched in the great procession the other evening were not only voters, but they were intelligent citizens. In the true sense they are the bone and sinew of the country. They were also an admirable representation of the general character of the Republican party; and if the question were asked of any honest man whether he would prefer to confide the government of the country to those who made the Democratic procession of a month ago or to the Boys in Blue of the other evening, would he hesitate in answering? General Garfield is the Boy in Blue who stands for the principles which light the march of the nation as the torches lighted the march of the vast, patriotic, intelligent throng a week ago.

THE FIRST DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

Among the excellent Republican nominations for Congress in the State of New York is that of the Hon. John A. King in the First District. Mr. King is the son of the late Governor King, and has served most acceptably as Senator from the district in the State Legislature. He is universally known and respected throughout the district, in which he has so long lived, as one of the most honorable and high-minded of men, familiar always in his father's family, and by his own tastes and experience, with public affairs, and, although a most positive Republican, maintaining the most cordial relations with neighbors and friends of the other kind, and commanding by his life and character their unqualified respect and confidence.

The Democrats will nominate their candidate before this paper is issued, and it is said that the choice will fall upon Mr. Perry Belmont, of New York, son of Mr. August Belmont. Mr. Belmont is virtually unknown in the district. Whatever his merits, they are not familiar by public reputation to the voters who would be expected to support him, and there would be naturally very general curiosity as to the reasons and the methods of his nomination, should it be made.

Mr. King is a candidate so unexceptionable, and his nomination is so absolutely free from every kind of suspicion, that although the district is Democratic, his candidacy, under the circumstances, makes the result very doubtful.

WOMEN AT SCHOOL MEETINGS.

The school meetings in the State of New York were made interesting this year from the passage of the law authorizing women to vote and to be voted for at school elections. There is no doubt that it was the intention of the framers of the law to secure this right to women upon the same terms as to men. But it is very doubtful whether they have framed a law which accomplished their purpose. This doubt is the reason of the exceedingly small number of women who offered to vote. There was universal uncertainty about the interpretation of the law, and this, added to the indisposition of women to vote, explains the result.

The only apparent authoritative, or at least official, expression of opinion was from the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the chief school officer in the State, and his opinion was understood to rest upon that of the Attorney-General. It is to the effect that no woman who does not own or hire real estate liable to taxation is entitled to vote at school meetings. It must be said that this was obviously not the purpose of the law, although it may have been so poorly framed as to necessitate this construction. The view of the Superintendent was opposed by the women who are most conspicuous in the suffrage movement, and who insisted that the Superintendent's was only an individual opinion. Their own, however, was no more; and as between the opinion upon such a subject of the committee of the Woman Suffrage Association, however supported by individual legal views, and the opinion of the chief law officer and the chief school officer of the State, the multitude of both sexes did not hesitate.

Before the annual school elections of next year the question should be authoritatively decided by the courts, or the law should be amended so as to prevent any doubt whatever. The trouble now lies in the words of the school election law, which seems to require the right of voting at town meetings as a qualification for school voting.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Archibald Forbes has every reason to be satisfied with the numbers and character of the audience which listened to his lecture at Chickering Hall on the evening of September 13, and the hearty applause that greeted him. The lecture was one of the most interesting that has been heard in New York, dealing with men and matters that have not hitherto been talked about in American lecture-rooms. His descriptions of the big folk, and the singular and often amusing circumstances under which he encountered them, were given in very graphic and picturesque style, and were listened to with intense interest.

—Offenbach was often as witty as he was musical. In an interview he once had with the Emperor William at Ems, the Emperor said, "We, too, have a right to be proud of you, Herr Offenbach, for you were born, I am informed, at Bonn." "No, your Majesty," was Offenbach's answer; "the other man was born at Bonn; I am a native of Cologne." The other man was Beethoven.

—Mr. Lowell is making himself very agreeable to the Londoners. A few nights since he delivered the opening address of the Workingmen's College, and was very cordially received. His subject was "Books and Reading."

—Mr. William Hayden, who died a few days since in Boston, was one of the oldest editors in New England. Forty years ago the Boston *Atlas* under his management was a power in the political and commercial world thereabouts. It was very spirited and intensely partisan. The war carried on between the *Atlas* and the *Post*, the latter then edited by Colonel Charles Gordon Greene, was both fierce and funny; but Colonel Greene was the better-natured man, and had a happy and witty way of hitting off things in little paragraphs that his adversary lacked. Latterly Mr. Hayden, by reason of age, had retired from public life, but in his day he was a very notable Bostonian.

—Mr. Longman, the well-known publisher of London, has sold his estate at Farnborough Hill to the ex-Empress Eugénie for $250,000. It consists of 257 acres and a picturesque mansion. The ex-Empress intends to build on the property a memorial chapel to receive the bodies of the ex-Emperor and the late Prince Imperial.

—Professor Björnson, the Scandinavian poet, who was splendidly welcomed in Boston by 3000 Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, is described by the Boston *Herald* as a marvellous orator: "The noble, clear-cut, distinctly enunciated Danish tongue was given the most exquisite shadings by the speaker, who held the audience captive, keeping them breathlessly attentive, drawing out hearty applause and laughter."

—President and Minister Andrew D. White is preparing a *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, to form one of a series of biographies of the American republic.

—The present potentate of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, is described by the Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times* as a nervous, timid man, who is afraid of his own shadow, and who does not venture to ride or drive beyond the limits of his well-guarded private pleasure-grounds. Yet he defies Europe. Though physically a coward, he has something of that peculiar courage which produced the *coup d'état* of 1851, and when his cowardice and obstinacy are at issue, the latter generally carries off the victory.

—M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is an entirely self-made man. He was poor on leaving school, and was content to take the position of unpaid clerk in the Ministry of Finance. But he there found leisure to study Greek, Oriental and European languages, and to write for newspapers. The Empire removed him from the College of France because he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor. Finding it impossible to support a great-aunt who reared him, in Paris, he betook himself to Meaux, and there became a market-gardener, living with his aged relative in a cabin in the midst of his beds of turnips and carrots. Fortune has since favored him in a moderate degree, and enabled him to live in a suite of rooms on a third floor in a good street (Rue d'Astorg), and to keep an elderly woman-servant to attend him. The mornings are devoted to Aristotle, his literary idol; the rest of the day to the Institute, the Senate, and the classification of Thiers's papers.

—Mr. John S. Harberger, president of the Manhattan Banking Company, who died a few days since at his country residence in Plainfield, New Jersey, had for forty years been prominently connected with the banking affairs of New York. He was greatly respected in financial circles for his perfect knowledge of the business, as well as for the integrity and purity of his personal character. He was, moreover, a man of scholarly tastes and habits, a connoisseur in art and music, a good linguist, and his memory was quite remarkable. His wide information on a great variety of subjects rendered him a most useful as well as agreeable companion and associate, and his loss will be widely and sincerely regretted.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes, who delivered recently in Chicago, on a Sunday afternoon, a lecture on "Charles Kingsley," prefaced it by saying that in England he had never taken part in Sunday lectures, feeling satisfied that he should be doing more harm than good by identifying himself with those who provide general lectures for the people on Sunday afternoons. Said Mr. Hughes: "I was trained as a child to look upon Sunday as a day which should be devoted to rest and to worship. Every year that has passed over my head since childhood has strengthened those early impressions. I look upon Sunday as a quite unspeakable blessing to all Christian nations, and, above all, to our race, upon whom so large a share of the world's hard work has been laid in this marvellous century, and who are addressing themselves to it with an energy full of hope and promise for the future, while controlled by high purpose and high principle, but constantly in danger of running into feverish haste and reckless and unrighteous greed of possession—an unmanly hankering after material prosperity and wealth. Against this false tendency—this subtle temptation of us English folks on both sides of the Atlantic—Sunday, God's appointed day of rest and worship, stands out as the great bulwark and safeguard."

—Mr. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, proposes to come to the United States during the recess of Parliament to make a personal inspection of the telegraph service in this city. He also intends to examine into the practicability of sixpenny telegrams in London, and the development of telephonic communication. Mr. Fawcett is one of the remarkable men of England. He is now forty-seven. At the age of twenty-five he was deprived of sight by an accident when out shooting. Notwithstanding this calamity, he has been constantly writing and publishing works on public and political affairs, and has taken a prominent position as a debater in Parliament. When Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the Premiership he appointed Mr. Fawcett Postmaster-General. Mrs. Fawcett, his wife, is also the author of several works on political economy.

—Sunday, October 17, will long be pleasantly remembered by the Coleman family of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. On that day St. Luke's Episcopal Church was consecrated. It was built by the family at a cost of $100,000.

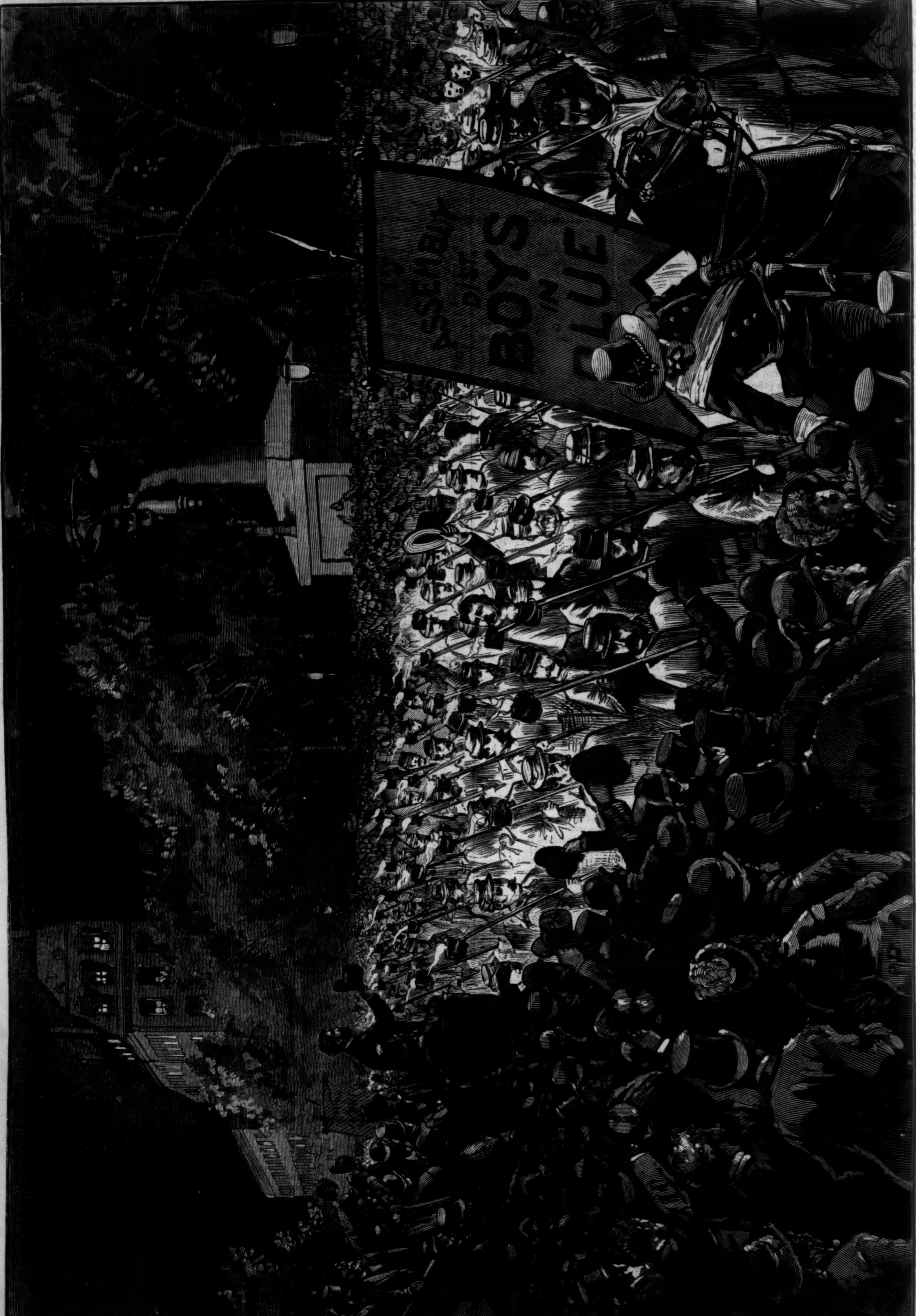
—Balzac never hit it off better than when he said, "Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows."

—The late ex-United States Senator Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut, left $3000 to Brown University as a prize fund for the best scholar in Greek. His homestead and $60,000 are left to his wife for life, and after her death the house is bequeathed to the Norwich Free Academy, and the money to Yale College for a professorship of law.

—The late President Thiers was again honored in Paris, a few days since, by the unveiling of a statue, with the inscription, "First President of the Republic." He holds the map of France in his hands, with the word "Belfort" standing out in large gilt letters, indicating the fortress which he successfully expended his every effort to wrest from the Germans.

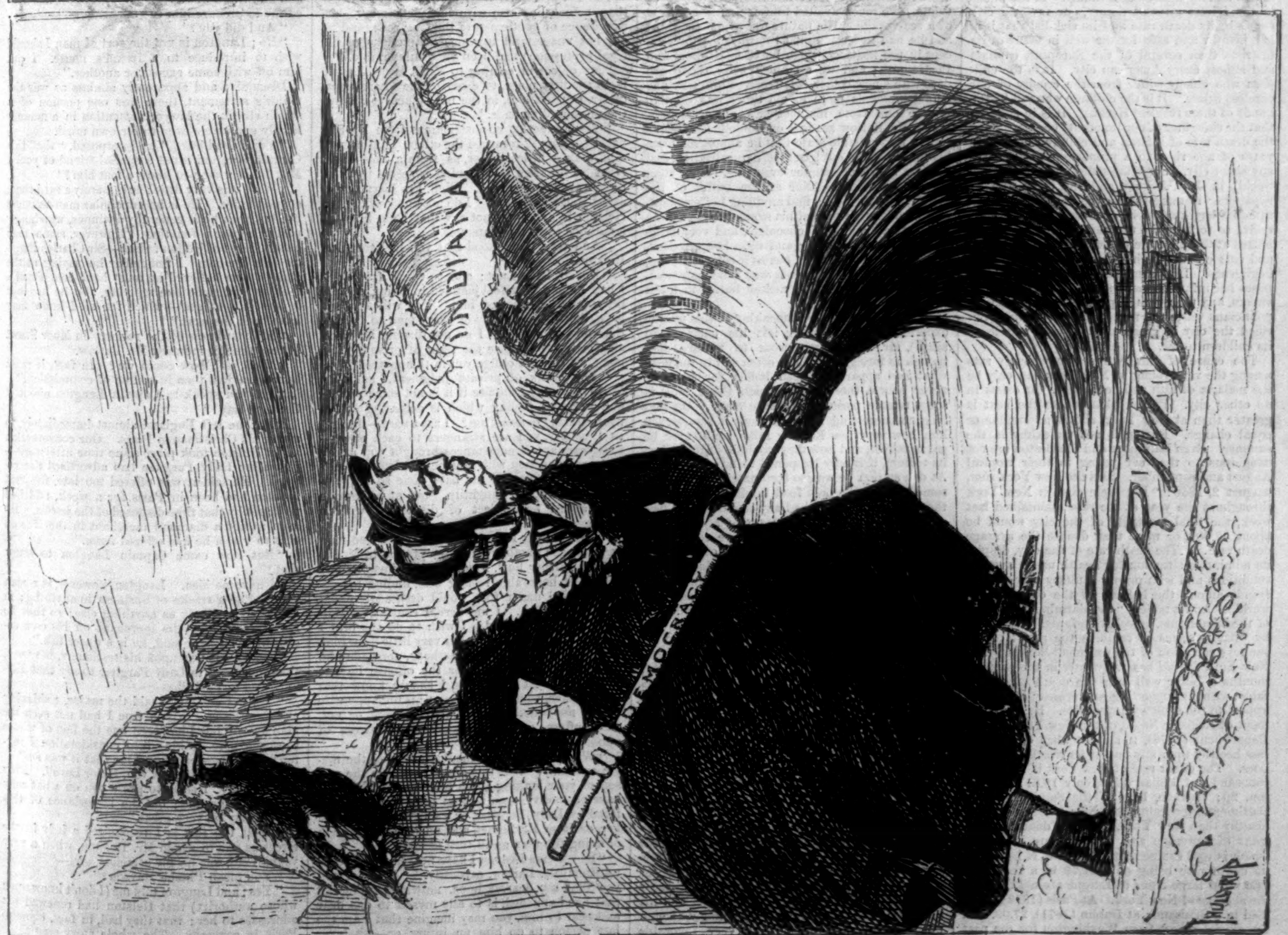
—Persons who are given to fine china and delicate table adornments may not be displeased to learn that Lady Burdett-Coutts recently gave a dinner where the table ornaments, which were of priceless turquoise Sèvres, enriched with the heavy gilding which Sèvres alone can produce, were displayed to great advantage on a cloth of crimson plush with a narrow border of white linen damask running round the edge for the accommodation of the necessary plates, knives, etc. At this dinner every course was served on a different kind of porcelain—fifteen varieties, and all equally valuable and beautiful. Among the guests were Sir Theodore Martin (the biographer of the Prince Consort) and his wife (distinguished in her day as Helen Faucit, the actress), Mr. Henry Irving, the actor, and several Americans.

—The New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat*, who was formerly, we believe, a clergyman, and who is thoroughly posted on personal matters relating to the clergy, gives in a recent letter the ages of several ministers who are prominent in New York and Brooklyn. "Elbert S. Parker, of the Reformed Church, is sixty; Dr. Ormiston is fifty-nine; Dr. Chambers, sixty-one. Dr. Armitage is sixty-one. He is a native of England, and was at an early age highly useful in the Church. He made attempts at preaching when only sixteen, and some of these efforts were highly successful. Theodore L. Cuyler is fifty-eight. Howard Crosby is fifty-four. John Hall is in his fiftieth year. Samuel D. Burchard is still a working preacher, though now sixty-eight. Houghton, of the 'little church round the corner,' is in his sixty-first year. Morgan, of St. Thomas's, is sixty-two. Bellows, the veteran of Unitarianism, is sixty-six, while Robert Collyer is fifty-eight. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, and Robinson, of the Memorial Church, each is in his fifty-first year. Rylance, of St. Mark's, is fifty-four. Talmage is forty-eight, and Van Dyke, who was his most severe opponent, is ten years older. Beecher has just entered his sixty-eighth year, and has a greater degree of vitality than any American preacher of that age."



REPUBLICAN ENTHUSIASM IN NEW YORK—THE GRAND PROCESSION OF OCTOBER 11 PASSING THE REVIEW STAND.—DRAWN BY T. THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 698.]

ONLY WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.



MRS. PARTINGTON HANCOCK STRUGGLING WITH THE REPUBLICAN TIDE.

OUR CITY—SUGGESTIONS FOR REFORM.

THE man, it was said of old, who can rule himself can govern a city; and Socrates tells us that he alone who benefits his fellow-citizens will deserve and win their esteem. The city of New York has as yet little reason to apply to itself either adage, and its rulers have for many years had but small claim to its regard. They have neither ruled themselves nor the city well. They have been busy politicians and active party leaders, often foreigners, impulsive and uncultivated; they have forgotten the interests of their fellow-citizens, neglected their welfare, and made their adopted or native city no comfortable home for the laboring classes, the immigrant and the working-men. They have reduced it almost to the condition of a mediæval city. Its uncleanly streets, unhealthy districts, scenes of squalor and vice; its odious scents that bring sickness and disgust even in winter; its insufficient water supply; its miserable methods of carrying off its refuse; its docks, sewerage, pavements, markets—remind one of pictures of a mediæval Paris and London of a century ago. Our rulers for the past twenty years seem to have forgotten to care for anything but themselves. No city pays such extravagant salaries to its officers, nowhere do swarms of useless officials so prey upon the community, nowhere is so little intelligence found among the rulers of a city, except perhaps in a Turkish town of Asia Minor, and as a necessary consequence, nowhere is the industrious and useful citizen made so uncomfortable.

Looking down, in these bright October days, upon our splendid and crowded city, its unrivalled site, its matchless rivers and harbors, its magnificent streets, its warehouses laden with the business of the world, our picture would seem almost an incredible one. All around is rapid growth and progress. Abundance, plenty, ease, would seem the lot of our industrious citizens. Nowhere is food so cheap or fuel so easily obtained. The European cities take from us the necessaries of life, and New York distributes the products of the West amidst the hungry nations of the East. London relies upon us for nearly half its daily bread, and Paris for a large proportion. The fruits of the autumn are distributed among us in a boundless supply; but in every European city they are costly, above the reach of the poor. Our harbor, the most admirable of all, swept by tide and river, opens to receive the choicest gifts of trade. Our climate, bright and fair, would seem to invite the perpetual presence of health. Our skies are changeable but brilliant. The private zeal of our citizens has lined our streets with houses more convenient and comfortable than were ever seen before, with warehouses more costly and well contrived, and churches, school-houses, and even tenement-houses often admirable and comfortable in all their construction.

And yet—and here comes in the canker of our selfish and unpatriotic government—in the midst of the fairest gifts of nature, our favorite city shows by its death rate and its sick-list that it is less healthy and safe for the well in many of its districts than several of the European capitals and almost every American city. It is the children who chiefly suffer from the cruelty of our careless rulers. It is the children who fall by the hands of these ruthless Herods. It is in summer that the slaughter of our innocents begins. Then the death rate of infants and children under five years of age rises to a proportion unknown to any sister city. Sometimes the number who die weekly in July, August, and the early part of September is more than a thousand; the death rate that ought not to be over twenty-four is thirty-five or forty to the thousand. New York surpasses at that time the unhealthiness of Calcutta, and cuts off its growing population by its cruel negligence. Like some careless parent who exposes her infant to malignant airs and poisonous vapors, and then sees it pine away, our ruthless politicians waste the money that would have purified the city in gross extravagance, and leave its children to die.

The cause of this extraordinary death rate among the very young in New York can only be the malaria of filth and negligence. It exists in no other city. Philadelphia, where the heat is greater than at New York, shows no similar or equal change. Boston is not unhealthy in the summer. Even Baltimore and Charleston are not dangerous to the very young in their tropical August and September. Said the New York *Sun*, August 2, 1880: "If people died in New York throughout the year at the rate maintained last week, the total mortality of the city would be about 57,000, or more than double the average death rate. . . . The death rate of the city, despite its admirable situation for health under average conditions and with proper sanitary precautions, stands among the highest of the cities of the world." And it notices "the alarming proportion of the inhabitants, especially infants," carried off by what it seems to think is the result of the sanitary condition of the tenement-houses. The New York *Herald* has frequently in the summer months a bitter wail over the death of the infants, without suggesting any remedy except an appeal to the sanitary authorities. By the statement of Register Nagle, of the New York Health Department (1878), it appears that our city is less healthy than any one of its Northern neighbors. The death rate of New York is 24.50 in a thousand; of Philadelphia, only 18.81; of Boston, 20; Chicago, 18. Of the Southern cities, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans are less healthy than New York, owing no doubt to their want of sewerage and sanitary care. London, which is well drained and cared for, is healthier, its death rate being only 21.79 in a thousand. The other large cities of Europe are not far from the average of New York. At Paris (1872), 26.32 died in a thousand; at Dublin (1871), 27.09. In the official report from Washington for the past ten weeks the death rate of New York is given at 34.19 per thousand; Philadelphia, 32.18; Chicago, 26.825; New Orleans, 23.62; and Brooklyn rises to 42.38. It does not appear that there is anywhere so startling a mortality among children as with us, or that the new generation is anywhere so thinned by the malarious influence of the summer heats.

One need not go far to seek the cause of this fatal peculiarity. It is the malaria of a bad government that kills the children. It is Tammany Hall that for twenty years and more has been their executioner. A bad or incompetent municipal government, like the bad manager of a household, leaves its family to perish in filth, to suffer from neglect, to waste away in slovenly disorder its health and substance. Health and cleanliness are inseparably connected. A government that would purify the streets of New York, reform its management, diminish its odors, reduce its taxes, would soon transform it into one of the healthiest of cities, and save the lives of countless children. It is a change in our municipal rulers that we chiefly want, a selection of intelligent and reputable men for our Mayor, Aldermen, and other officials, who will govern the city as they would govern their own families, and introduce to it all the improvements in civic life that have given health and comfort to other cities. At present we are governed by a single ruler, who cares only to control our finances, direct our politics, appoint our officials, guide the Democratic party, select our next President, but who has shown his utter unfitness for the positions he has aspired to fill. New York demands a different and purer government, and the Republican party alone can offer one.

Let every voter as he goes to the polls reflect upon the condition of the city. If he votes for the Democratic candidates, he votes, in fact, for the continuance of the malaria of filth and ignorance, for the slaughter of the children in the summer months, the odors and discomforts of the winter. If he votes for the Republican candidates, he votes for national prosperity and municipal reform.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE LAWYER AND THE MAJOR.

IT was before the days of twin ships and of the *Calais-Douvres* that Mr. Frank Barlow took his departure to Paris by way of Folkestone; but even if those admirable scientific inventions had been in existence, it is doubtful whether they would have much availed him against the effects of a sea-voyage. His nature was averse to range, and he had never tempted the waves before, except in the floating bridge between Gosport and Portsmouth; and we all know what the ocean does with a new-comer. It receives him much as a midshipmen's mess in old times was wont to receive one from his mother's apron-strings. When Mr. Barlow set foot on Boulogne shores he was in that pitiable state that he almost made up his mind to take out letters of naturalization, and become a Frenchman for evermore, rather than recross the Straits. Nor at the buffet of the railway station did he find anything better adapted to recover the tone of his stomach than ratafia cakes, small sticks of chocolate, and very large cruet-bottles of vinegar and oil. Soup, indeed, he contrived to procure; but as it consisted—no, it had no consistence, as it was obviously composed of hot water with melted butter in it—it benefited him very little.

Years afterward, when speaking of this unique experience (for he never left his native land again), Mr. Barlow was wont to remark that though in foreign travels he often saw in the flesh what had apparently been boiled for soup, he never beheld those soups which those rags at some remote period must have made. On that long, uninteresting route to Paris it also struck him how very few English folks could ever be got to take it, and how they would inveigh against its tedium, if it only happened to be in England. At one station he was so fortunate as to procure some oranges, the only food familiar to him, and therefore in which he had any confidence, at half a franc apiece. But the pangs of hunger compelled him subsequently to procure some little cakes, which turned out to be made of the same substance that is used at home for giving to dead rabbits that powerful aroma that fits them to be a "drag" for a pack of hounds. Suffering, then, from a distressing combination of anise-seed and *mal de mer*, and we may add *mal du pays*, Mr. Frank Barlow arrived in Paris, and took up his quarters at the Louvre. He was not sorry to find that Major Lovell was for the present elsewhere, since an opportunity for recruiting himself was thus afforded him; and having taken advantage of it, and addressed a short note to the major requesting an interview upon a subject of importance, he awaited events with his usual confidence and serenity of mind.

The same evening he received a few lines from the major expressing his willingness to see him, and was at once ushered to his apartment on the third floor.

It was scarcely possible for two men of the same race, age, and position in life to have fewer things in common with one another than Frederick Lovell and Frank Barlow. With the latter we are already acquainted: an uncompromisingly honest fellow, devoted to his profession and his mistress; strictly moral and genuinely though unenthusiastically religious; a very favorable specimen on the whole of the middle class to which he belonged. Socially the two men stood nearly on the same level, but the surroundings of the major had from the first been of a more aristocratic kind; his parents had died early, and he had been placed by his uncle and guardian at a public school, and from it at once entered the army. He had had therefore very little education, while he had been left to himself altogether as to moral training. His father had been a man of fashion, and used to be known in circles of which Barlow *père* had known nothing as "Caterpillar Lovell." The sobriquet arose from his possession of an insect of that description which he was wont, in the days of the Regency, when such eccentric bets were common, to back for a great deal of money to escape from a soup-plate, in the centre of which it had been placed, more quickly than any other caterpillar. The pretty creature was a fortune to him, until some one discovered that its celerity arose from the fact of the plate being a warmed one, when that source of revenue ceased.

He left little behind him; but Frederick had great expectations from his uncle, a bachelor and a man of science. His weakness was astronomy, and he possessed the largest telescope and the tallest observatory in his native county. When important transits were expected, his lawn used to be laid out with pegs and ropes in illustration of the phenomena about to take place in the celestial regions. On one occasion, when Master Frederick was at home for the holidays, he disturbed these scientific arrangements to make room for a game at bowls, and in replacing them mixed up Jupiter and Venus in a very compromising and improper manner. This interference with the stars and their courses cost him his inheritance. The greater part of his uncle's wealth went to endow scientific research, while he himself remained a poor man with expensive tastes, and little beyond his good looks and captivating manners wherewith to make his way in the world. Nevertheless, he had never ridden in an omnibus, nor staid at a hotel, even in Paris, without indulging himself in a private sitting-room. He was in his own apartment now, lying on the sofa, with a cigarette in his mouth and *La Vie Parisienne* in his hand, when his visitor was announced. He rose at once, with an inclination of his head that contrasted very favorably with the other's stiff and embarrassed bow, and motioned him to a seat.

"Mr. Barlow, I believe?"

"Yes; I have ventured to call upon you on a matter of great importance, and about which, as I understand through Sir Charles Pargiter, you can give me information. It is with respect to Matthew Helston."

A flush came over the major's somewhat delicate and pallid features. "Do you come on Sir Charles's behalf?" he inquired.

"No, sir; I do not. I am a lawyer." He hesitated for an instant.

The major bowed with even greater courtesy than before, but also with more coldness. His experience of gentlemen of the long robe (and he did not understand the nice distinctions of the legal profession) had been very unfavorable.

"My object in coming to Paris, Major Lovell, is, in the first place, to discover the whereabouts of Mr. Helston, and, in the next place, to recover the missing diamonds."

"You are acting on instructions from Mr. Signet, I suppose?" returned the other. "However, that makes little matter, as from a note I got from Sir Charles this evening it seems their interests are now identical. Well, I'm sorry I can't assist you, Mr. Barlow. I do not know where Mr. Helston is, and need not say that I am in equal ignorance as to the diamonds."

"And yet I understood that you had seen Mr. Helston."

"No, sir, I have not; and, to speak frankly, if I had I should not feel justified in giving you any information respecting him. You will say, perhaps, that it is the duty of every man to further the ends of justice. I do not dispute it; but I also claim to exercise the right of private judgment. I can not oblige you in this matter."

"You speak of private judgment," said Mr. Barlow; "may I inquire if it is not some private and personal feeling which is actuating you in thus refusing to assist me? I am aware—though, as I believe, you are strangers to each other—that years ago circumstances brought you into a certain connection with Matthew Helston."

"They may or may not have done so, sir," answered the other, haughtily, "but at all events they afford no subject of discussion with a stranger."

"Still, though I have read that when one man has wronged another it is a temptation to him to do him further hurt, I can scarcely imagine any person of honorable feeling who, finding his defeated rival under foot, would designedly assist in crushing him. I am here, I confess, as Matthew Helston's friend. I wish to do the best I can—which, alas! can be but very little—for him. If I could see him I could, perhaps, persuade him to make some amends for the offense he has committed. At all events, I should know that he was alive, whereas at present his unhappy wife knows not whether he is above-ground or not, and suffers extreme anxiety and distress of mind."

"Will you swear to me," interrupted the major, suddenly, "that this and no other is the reason of your making these inquiries? That you have no motive, such as that offer of reward offered by Lady Pargiter, or as instructions from her, or from Mr. Signet, and no covert intention of doing the man an ill turn?"

"So help me Heaven I have not, Major Lovell," returned Mr. Barlow, earnestly. "When I tell you that my dearest hope, notwithstanding all that has happened, is to ally myself to one dear and near to him, you may imagine that I am the last person to do him an injury, or—whatever may be my respect for the laws of my country—to bring him to justice."

"In that case, Mr. Barlow," returned the major, gravely, "what information I am possessed of is very much at your service; but it will, I fear, be of small advantage to you. You, however, will be the best judge of that, and therefore I will simply set before you all I know."

"Will you kindly let me have pen and ink?" said the lawyer.

Whereupon Mr. Barlow was accommodated with those familiar articles, though in a shape under which he scarcely recognized them; the ink-bottle being an egg in a bird's nest, and the quill pen having beads on its feather and a tassel on its tip.

"I have seen Mr. Helston but twice in my life, and each time only for a few seconds," began the major; "but, from circumstances to which you have alluded, the tidings that he had disappeared with Lady Pargiter's jewels aroused a greater interest in my mind than it otherwise would have done. I should say, by-the-bye, that I was present on one occasion when Lady Pargiter, as it seemed to me, treated him with great indignity, and I pitied the man; and though afterward he expressed pleasure at a certain misfortune that befell me—it was the loss of a bet—I owed him no grudge on that account, for I felt that he had good cause to be hostile to me. This bet I had made with one Captain Langton; and since it was in his presence that Helston in a manner insulted me—"

"One moment, Major Lovell," interrupted Mr. Barlow. "How was it that Helston met you in Captain Langton's company?" That he should have done so struck the lawyer as remarkable, and even suggested that Helston might have had acquaintances, such as his friends and family had no idea of, all along.

"Well, the whole thing happened in a moment. We stopped him in his cab one night, thinking him a perfect stranger, in order to decide a bet—or rather Langton did."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Barlow, to whom this proceeding appeared outrageous.

"And that was why," continued the major, "though I should have been silent upon the subject to people in general, I spoke to Langton about Helston after the robbery."

"Then even at that early date, Major Lovell, you took it for granted he was guilty?"

"Well, it looked uncommonly fishy, of course, from the very first. I certainly never expressed any such opinion, nor indeed did Langton at that time. On the contrary, he suggested that Pargiter, being very hard up, might have laid hands on the diamonds himself."

"Not in earnest, surely?" said Mr. Barlow, very much scandalized.

"Well, half in joke, half in earnest. Langton is a very queer fellow. I spoke to him, as I now remember, about the robbery because he had at one time expressed a wish to see the diamonds, and knowing I was a friend of Pargiter's, had asked me to procure him the opportunity."

"And did you?"

"No; Langton is not the sort of man I should wish to introduce to a friend's house. I put him off with some excuse or another."

Discursive and apparently aimless as was the major's statement, there was one portion of it which struck the lawyer's attention in a manner hardly explicable even to his own mind.

"You have hinted," he interposed, "that this Captain Langton is not a special friend of yours. May I ask what you know about him?"

"Well, it is very little; he is merely a card-room acquaintance. He is an unpopular man amongst us; but then he is generally a winner, which may partly account for that. However, some men have a great objection to him—Sir Charles Pargiter has, for one. I remember his saying at the club that he believed he must have committed a murder, and some one replying, 'So he has, but it was only at sea'—which for all I know may have been the case."

"Did you know of the robbery in Moor Street at that time?" inquired Mr. Barlow.

"Well, no; how could we? In fact, it must have been just then in course of commission."

"Did you speak to Captain Langton about it the next day?"

"No; he left England almost immediately, to spend his Christmas in Paris. Our conversation about Helston took place some time afterward—just after Lady Pargiter had advertised the reward. He said it was offered too late, for that Helston had been in Paris for a week, and had no doubt by that time disposed of the jewels. He even named a diamond merchant in the Rue de Bris to whom he had offered them."

"But how came Captain Langton to know that?"

"I have no idea. Langton, however, is a man ready to do a stroke of business in anything; in diamonds as likely as anything else; so that he may have visited the merchant on his own account. As I have said, he is a queer fish."

"And yet it was upon his testimony, it seems, that you wrote to Lady Pargiter to say that Helston was in Paris."

"No, not entirely," said the major, reddening and hesitating. "It is true I had not seen the man myself, but I had seen one the fact of whose presence here—taking into consideration Langton's evidence—convinced me that it was so."

"I do not quite follow you, Major Lovell. Pray forgive me if I seem to press you on what may be delicate ground; but the importance of this matter may be very great."

"Well, the fact is I recognized a lady in the street as one to whom Mr. Helston, when a very young man, was deeply attached, and—"

"You mean Phœbe Mayson?"

"Yes; and Langton told me (I don't know upon whose authority) that Helston had renewed his addresses to her; that they had, in fact, come to Paris in company. The whole story seemed so

probable that I felt it my duty, since Mr. Signet was questioning his claim to compensation, to let Pargiter know how matters stood; but I did it, I do assure you, against the grain."

"I am sure of that," said Mr. Barlow, earnestly. "You do not happen to know, of course, where the young person you spoke of is residing?"

"Most certainly not," returned the major, in a tone which might have been mistaken (by a stranger to him) for one of virtuous indignation, but which was in reality caused by wounded pride.

"But you can give me the name of the jeweller?"

"It is either Monteur or Montagne—Langton's French is very fishy—but the Rue de Bris is a short street, and you will have no difficulty in finding him."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Major Lovell," said Barlow, rising. "You have behaved most frankly."

"Not at all, not at all," put in the major. "You have my best wishes, not only for the recovery of the diamonds, but for helping your friend out of his scrape—'removing him from the jurisdiction of the court,' is, I believe, the technical expression. Good-evening."

Under any other circumstances Mr. Barlow would have very warmly protested against a phrase which certainly imputed to him very unprofessional intentions; but he was too well satisfied with his companion's behavior to find fault with him, and also too full of a certain thought which his narration had suggested to him to take much note of minor matters. What had obtained possession of his mind was evidently a subject insignificant enough in the present connection in the major's eyes, but which in those of the lawyer was growing every moment, though in a vague and dusky fashion, like the genius of the bottle in the Arabian tales; only the shape it took was by no means that of a genius, but of one Captain Langton—a man who had been anxious to get a sight of the Pargiter diamonds, and who, though tolerated, as it seemed, in certain circles of society, was credited with a murder, though only at sea. It was incredible, notwithstanding all that had happened to disturb Mr. Barlow's views respecting Helston's character, that such a man as this could have been a friend and still more a confidant of Matthew's. How came it, then, that he should profess to know, not only that he was in Paris, but that he was in possession of the diamonds, and endeavoring to dispose of them?

This weighty question, in connection with certain possibilities contingent on it and in combination, it may be added, with the eccentric and unaccustomed movements of the eider-down quilt with which his bed was provided, rendered Mr. Barlow's first night in Paris a very disturbed one.

[to be continued.]

"A CHANGE IN THE CABINET."

Our artist, in his striking double-page drawing, presents a timely warning of the tendency of the Democratic demands in favor of a "change" in the government under the leadership of the man of whom General Grant said that he was "crazy to be President, ambitious, vain, and weak, and would easily be controlled by the South." The group, as shown in the picture, is made up as follows:

Secretary of State.—John Kelly, of New York, successor to William M. Tweed as Boss of the Tammany Hall Party.

Secretary of the Treasury.—Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, the renowned advocate of the 85-cent dollar.

Secretary of War.—Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, leader of the valiant host of a hundred thousand men, *all on paper.*

Secretary of the Navy.—Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, champion defender of "the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years."

Secretary of the Interior.—Benjamin Faceabout Butler, the Massachusetts statesman who, "in a very impressive manner," predicted a political revolution in Ohio and Indiana. But the revolution went the wrong way for him.

Postmaster-General.—Fernando Wood, of New York, who, while Mayor of this city, in January, 1861, sent the following memorable dispatch to Robert Toombs, of Georgia:

"*Hon. Robert Toombs, Milledgeville, Georgia:*

"In reply to your dispatch, I regret to say that arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the police of this State, but that the city of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage.

"As Mayor, I have no authority over the police. If I had the power, I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property. Fernando Wood."

Attorney-General.—Robert Toombs, of Georgia, one of the "old boys of the South who will see that Hancock, Yank or no Yank, does the fair thing by them." This is the unreconstructed ex-senator who said that "Hancock will run the machine to suit them, or they will run the thing themselves. They are not going to be played with any longer."

To such a cabinet Jefferson Davis would be hailed as "a welcome visitor." He could then point with complacency to the boastful prophecy he made twenty years ago, when the prison doors closed behind him, in these words, "The principle for which we contend is bound to re-assert itself, though it may be *at another time and in another form.*"

FAC-SIMILE OF NORTH CAROLINA SHIN-PLASTER, 1780.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

The centennial celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, North Carolina—one of the most important of all the contests of the Revolutionary war fought in the Southern States—opened on the 5th inst., and lasted three days. The ceremonies took place on the battle-ground, and near the spot where Ferguson, the commander of the British troops, fell in the memorable fight, which resulted in the defeat of his army. The weather was fine, and thousands assembled to take part in the festivities of the occasion. The programme of the first day included speeches by Dana G. Fowler, of North Carolina, Governor Jeter, of South Carolina, Rev. D. E. Butler, of Georgia, Judge Nixon Vandyke, of Tennessee, General S. W. Williams, of Arkansas, and L. M. McMill, of Mississippi.

On the second day not less than ten thousand people gathered on the grounds to witness the sham fight in imitation of the original battle; but they were disappointed, as a change was finally agreed upon, and a military parade was substituted for the fight. General Hunt, of the United States army, was in command.

The third and great day of the celebration witnessed the assembling of a still larger gathering. The exercises commenced with a national salute at sunrise by the Richmond (Virginia) Howitzers, and at 10 a.m. a review of all the troops was held by General Hunt, after which the people crowded around the speakers' stand, which had been erected in one of the ravines leading down the side of the mountain. Seats had been provided for five hundred on the stand, and these with the seats on the side of the mountain for the audience formed one vast amphitheatre. A lyric, written by Mrs. Clara Dargan McLean, of Yorkville, South Carolina, and set to music by Professor E. W. Lineback, of Salem, North Carolina, was sung by an improvised choir with fine effect, led by the Fifth United States Artillery Band. The rostrum was decorated by one immense United States flag, and others representing the thirteen original States. After the lyric came the reading of an ode written for the occasion by Paul H. Hayne, of South Carolina. The reader was Colonel Charles C. Jones, of Augusta, Georgia. The orator of the day, Hon. John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Virginia, then delivered a stirring address, in the course of which he recited in glowing words the story of the struggle of a hundred years ago. After the address a procession was formed, which marched to the monument, some four hundred yards distant. Here the ceremony of unveiling the monument was performed by four young ladies, assisted by Governors Jarvis, of North Carolina, Holliday, of Virginia, and Jeter, of South Carolina, and General Campbell, of Tennessee, while the vast audience sang the doxology. At five o'clock a dress parade was held, and at night a grand pyrotechnic display ended the celebration, which, taken all together, was a great success.

The monument is a granite shaft measuring twenty-six feet in height and eighteen feet at the base, resting on a broad pedestal, composed of five steps, and sloping to the top, which is about two and a half feet square. The inscriptions are cut on marble slabs imbedded two inches in the granite masonry.

A number of interesting relics of the battle are grouped by our artist in the picture on page 700. The piece of shin-plaster currency, a *fac-simile* of which appears at the head of this article, is a curious reminder of the dark days in North Carolina that tried men's souls.

THE GREAT PARADE.

Beyond all question the great Republican parade in New York on the 11th inst. was the most remarkable display of the kind ever seen in this city. Not only was it noteworthy in point of numbers, but also in the character of its composition. According to the figures carefully gathered by the New York *Times*, fully 60,000 men took part in the procession, and these included many of the leading merchants, bankers, and brokers, whose names are well known in the business world. There were many visiting organizations from Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New Jersey, and other neighboring places. The streets on the route in Fifth and Madison avenues and Madison Square were crowded with enthusiastic spectators, many of whom patiently stood or sat for hours watching the grand spectacle. It is probably no exaggeration to say that a quarter of a million of persons looked on, many thousands of whom were ladies. The steps and balconies, fences and trees, as well as the sidewalks and streets, were crowded, and even the house-tops were sought by those who could get no room below. In the side streets truckmen placed their wagons, with seats in each for a dozen or more, and every seat was engaged at a high price long before the procession began to move. Many of the houses were elaborately decorated, and hundreds of them were illuminated from cellar to garret.

The arrangements of the parade were admirably made, and there was no confusion. When the march began, the enthusiasm of the thousands along the line expressed itself in cheering and in displays of fire-works. All along the route, from the lower part of Fifth Avenue to the very end, rockets and Roman candles were discharged, and electric and colored lights were burned. The fire-works, taken in connection with the almost endless array of torches, borne by handsomely uniformed men, marching like veterans, made a splendid spectacle. At several points special pains were taken to compliment the marching men by the excellence of the decorations and the fine display of fire-works and colored lights. The Union League Club house was noticeable in this respect.

The reviewing stand south of the Worth Monument, where General Grant and other distinguished persons witnessed the parade, was draped with flags, while the same red, white, and blue emblem waved from a dozen staffs around its edges. All night long the great procession kept moving on, and not until near daylight did the last company pass the stand. Even then the streets were still crowded, and thousands lingered to see the end.

ENGLISH COUNTRY PARSONS.

The English country clergy are fond of amusements. The traveller on Monday morning by any main line running to London must have noticed during the summer how frequently the parson of each parish gets in at his road-side station; and should the observer return at the end of the week he will find that the last down train on Saturday evening puts down one parson at least at every station. Railroads have broken down much of the intellectual isolation in which country parsons were wont to live. Now they can visit the British Museum Library and the Academy as frequently as more favored mortals. Publicity has also softened their ruder amusements, and refined upon the coarser tastes of the clerical generations which closed the last and began the present century. The rough-riding hunting parson who scoured the country by day and caroused at night is extinct even in the wilds of Cumberland, in Wales, and in North Devon, which has formed such a pleasant clerical Alsatia for more than one novelist. Shooting is left to the man of country tastes with a small parish and large glebe, or to the "squarson," as Bishop Wilberforce appropriately called him who was at once parson and squire of a parish. A small proportion of clergy here and there join the ladies in shooting with the bow and arrow, and discourse glibly of York ends and target practice. They may be divided into two classes. The one, athletic, and devoted from old college tastes to violent out-door exercise, gives itself heart and soul to archery, rises early, shoots a certain number of arrows daily, and maintains the keenest rivalry between its hits and their value at yesterday's practice and the same to-day. Very few of the second and much more numerous class either could or would join in the pursuits of the former. Archery is for them a pleasant excuse for dangling about with wives and sisters, an agreeable mode of spending a summer afternoon with neighbors out-of-doors. The younger clergy half a dozen years ago were credited with an extreme fondness for croquet. The game is now extinct, its place being filled by lawn tennis. Fishing is still, as it has been since the Restoration, the amusement *par excellence* of the country clergy. Multitudes of them thankfully welcome the peace of the brook-side, and many a sermon is found by them week after week in its stones. Fishing offends no one; it affords abundant time for thought, giving just the requisite spice of excitement and rivalry with neighboring anglers to recommend it as literally a recreation for one wearied with the greatness as well as the littleness of parochial matters. Above all, it has its literary side, and is a scholarly pursuit. Often, too, it brings a parson into friendly contact with reserved characters, whom he could not meet elsewhere than at the trout stream. We have even known two rods laid aside there for half an hour, and one soul pour out its deepest trouble to another, bound by its holy profession to be at once sympathetic and helpful. Who shall say, when he is thus spending his leisure, that a parson is out of place by the water-side with a rod in his hand? As a matter of fact the best angler in most districts is usually a parson. Even in Presbyterian Scotland a "fushing meenister" is not now regarded with the same dislike as he was twenty years ago: not the only sign, it may be added, of a more liberal tone in that country's theology.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A clergyman past middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, was asked by some present at the marriage feast how he, a bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant: "In a man's life there are two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and lost his sense. He was glad to inform them that he was past one, and had not yet reached the other."

When our skipper found it was impossible to moor the yacht, he said he was pretty mad. At any rate he was of a can't-anchor-us frame of mind.

"It is true," said an old philosopher, "that two heads are usually better than one, but it never could be thus with the two heads on the same pin."

"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out once or twice.

New York people are supposed to be ordinarily sharp, yet they are being continually taken in by French flats.

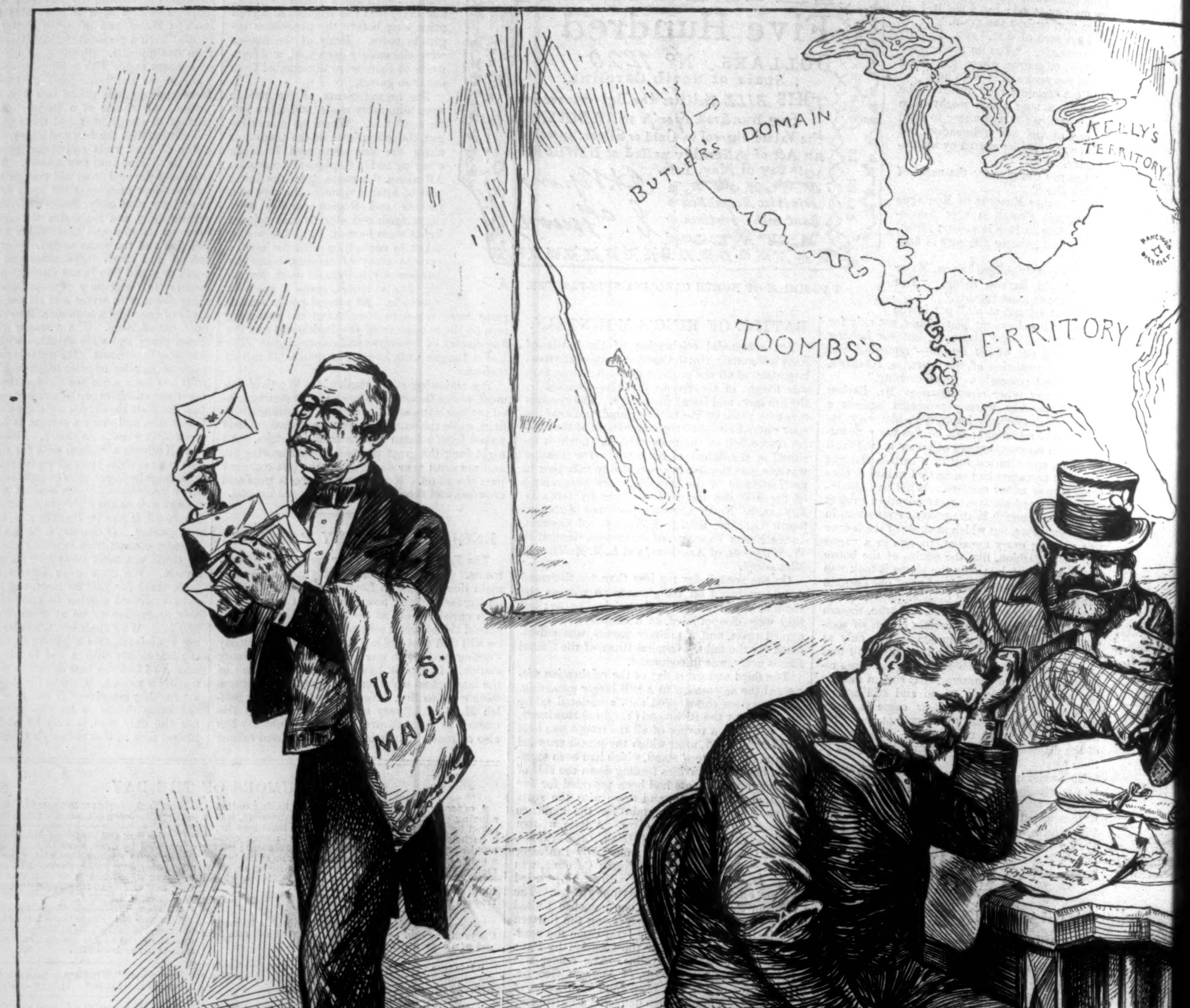
Charles Fox and his friend Mr. Hare, both much incommoded by duns, were together in a house, when seeing some shabby men about the door, they were afraid they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which was in danger, Fox opened the window, and calling to them, said, "Pray, gentlemen, are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting?"

A French writer says there was once in the environs of Rouen a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill.

Professor. "What are the constituents of quartz?"
Student. "Pints." [*Not a smile from the class.*

A man who married a Jewess shortly afterward joined the temperance society, and never dared to kiss his wife from that day, because he had considered himself prohibited by the pledge from meddling with Jew-lips.

Exultant Tammanyite. "Begorra, the ticket shpakes for itself!"

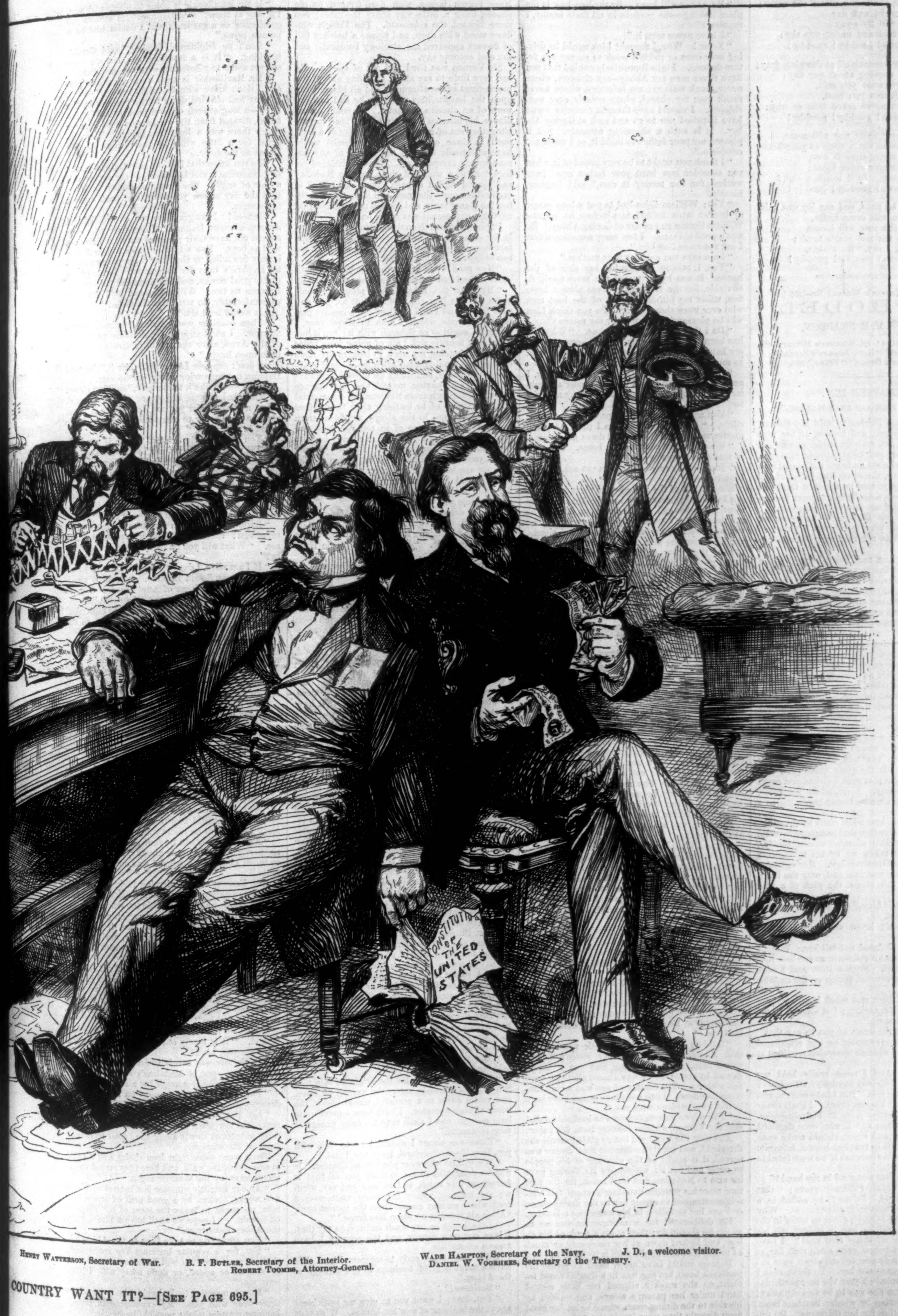


Fernando Wood, Postmaster-General.

O.

John Kelly, Secretary of State.

A "CHANGE" IN THE CABINET—DOES



Henry Watterson, Secretary of War. B. F. Butler, Secretary of the Interior. Robert Toombs, Attorney-General. Wade Hampton, Secretary of the Navy. Daniel W. Voorhees, Secretary of the Treasury. J. D., a welcome visitor.

OES COUNTRY WANT IT?—[See Page 695.]

TO THE WINGED EMIGRANTS.

Now crimson and gold are turning the leaves,
And swallows are chattering under the eaves;
In a night and day
They will fly away
From under our roof and under our sky:
Good-by, swallows! good-by! good-by!

You bid me "Good-morning" at dawning gray;
We chattered at evening about our day;
I knew what you said,
My glances you read,
We loved, and we never asked how or why:
Good-by, swallows! good-by! good-by!

Here we shall tarry, away you will roam,
But though you come again back to your home,
Last spring-time is o'er,
And comes never more;
It was well outworn. Is it worth a sigh?
Good-by, swallows! good-by! good-by!

Though the rose be gone, and our joy was vain,
In violet-time you will come again,
And the rose will bloom
From the last year's tomb;
And yet, and yet, I say, with a sigh,
Good-by, swallows! good-by! good-by!

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"OF COLOUR PALE AND DEAD WAS SHE."

"AND so you are Daphne?" said Mr. Goring, taking both her hands, and looking at her with an amused smile, not without tender admiration of the fair pale face and widely opened blue eyes. Months afterward he remembered the scared look in those lovely eyes, the death-like pallor of the complexion; but just now he ascribed Daphne's evident agitation to a school-girl's natural discomfiture at being found out in a risky escapade.

"And so you are Daphne?" he repeated. "Why, you told me your father was a grocer in Oxford Street. Was not that what school-boys call a crumper?"

"No," said Daphne, recovering herself, and a sparkle of mischief lighting up her eyes; "it was strictly true—of Martha Dibb's father."

"And you adopted your friend's parent for the nonce—a strictly Roman custom that of adoption, and in harmony with your Roman name. By-the-way, were you christened Poppæa Daphne, or Daphne Poppæa?"

He had been amusing himself with the squirrel for the last half-hour, but he found Daphne's embarrassment ever so much more amusing than the squirrel. He felt no more serious about the one than about the other.

"Don't," exclaimed Daphne. "You must have known quite well from the first moment that my name wasn't Poppæa, just as well as I knew that yours wasn't Nero."

"Well, I had a shrewd suspicion that you were romancing about the name; but I swallowed the grocer. That was too bad of you. Do you know that you made me quite unhappy, I was miserable at the idea that such a girl as you could be allied with grocery. A ridiculous prejudice, was it not, in a man whose father began life as a day-laborer?"

Daphne had sunk into a low chair by the squirrel's cage, and was feeding that pampered favorite with the green points of some choice conifer. She seemed more taken up by his movements than by her future brother-in-law. Her agitation had passed, yet she was pale still, only the faintest bloom in her fair cheek, the pink of a wild rose.

"Please don't tell Lina," she pleaded, with her eyes on the squirrel.

"Oh, she doesn't know anything about it, then?"

"Not a word. I dared not tell her. When I tried to do so I became suddenly aware how horridly I had behaved. Martha Dibb and I were silly, thoughtless creatures, acting on the impulse of the moment."

"I don't think there was much impulse about Miss Dibb," said Mr. Goring; "it seemed to me that she only looked on."

"It is disgustingly mean of you to say that," exclaimed Daphne, recurring to her school-girl phraseology, which she had somewhat modified at South Hill.

"Forgive me. And I must really hold my tongue about our delicious picnics? Of course I shall obey you, little one. But I hate secrets, and I am a bad hand at keeping them. I shall never forget those two happy days at Fontainebleau. How strange that you and I, who were destined to become brother and sister, should make each other's acquaintance in that hap-hazard, informal fashion! It seemed almost as if we were fated to meet, didn't it?"

"Was that the fate you read in my hand?"

"No," he answered, suddenly grave; "that was not what I read. Pshaw!" he added, in a lighter tone: "chiromancy is all nonsense. Why should a man, not too much given to belief in the things that are good for him to believe, pin his faith on a fanciful science of that kind? I have left off looking at palms ever since that day at Fontainebleau. And now tell me about your sister. I am longing to see her. To think that I should have stumbled on just the one particular afternoon on which she was to be so long away! I pictured her sitting by yonder bamboo table, like Penelope waiting for her Odysseus. Do you know that I have come straight through from Bergen without stopping?"

"And you have not been home to your Abbey?"

"My Abbey will keep. By-the-bye, how is the place looking—the gardens in all their beauty, I suppose?"

"I have never seen it."

"Never! Why, I thought Lina would be driving over once or twice a week to survey her future domain. I take it positively unkind that you have never seen my Abbey—my cloisters, where never monk walked; my refectory, where never monk ate; my chapel, where nobody ever worshipped. I should have thought curiosity would have impelled you to go and look at Goring Abbey. It is such a charming anomaly. But it pleased my poor father to build it, so I must not complain."

"I think you ought to be very proud of it, when you consider how hard your father must have worked for the money it cost," said Daphne, bluntly.

"Yes; William Giles had to put a long career of honest labor behind him before he became William Goring and owner of Goring Abbey. He was a good old man. I feel sorry sometimes that I am not more like him."

"Lina says you are like your mother."

"Yes, I believe I resemble her side of the house. It was by no means the more meritorious side, for the Heronvilles were always loose fish, while my father was one of the best men who ever wore shoe-leather. Do you think Lina will be pleasantly surprised by my return?"

"Do I think it!" echoed Daphne. "Why, she has been longing for your coming—counting every hour. I know that, though she has not said as much. I can read her thoughts."

"Clever little puss. Daphne, do you know, I am quite delighted to find that my grocer's daughter of Fontainebleau Forest is to be my new sister."

"You are very good," returned Daphne, rather stiffly. "It's eight o'clock, so I think, if you'll excuse me, I had better go and dress for dinner."

"Wait till your people come home. I've ever so many questions to ask."

"There is the carriage! You can ask them of Lina herself."

She ran out of the room by the glass door leading into the conservatory, leaving Mr. Goring to meet his betrothed at the opposite door. She ran through the conservatory to the garden. The sun was sinking in a sea of many-colored clouds, yonder above the hills, and the river at the bottom of the valley ran between the rushes like liquid gold. Daphne stood on the sloping lawn staring at the light like a bewildered creature.

She stood thus for some minutes motionless, with clasped hands, gazing at the sunset. Then she turned and walked slowly back to the house. There was no one to watch her, no one to think of her at this moment. Gerald and Lina were together in the drawing-room, steeped in the rapture of reunion.

"Let me be rational, let me be reasonable, if I can," Daphne said to herself. She re-entered the house by an obscure door at the east end, and went up to her own room. There, in the soft evening light, she cast herself upon her knees by the bed and prayed—prayed with all the fervor of her untried soul, prayed that she might be kept from temptation, and led to do the thing that was right. Prayer so earnest in a nature so light and reckless was a new experience. She rose from her knees like a new creature, and fancied she had plucked the evil weed of a fatal fancy out of her heart. She moved about her room calmly and quietly, dressed herself carefully, and went back to the drawing-room, two minutes before the half-hour, radiant and smiling.

Madoline was still in the gown she had worn at the déjeuner. She had taken off her hat, and that was all, too happy in her lover's company to spare five minutes for the revision of her toilet. Gerald had done nothing to improve his travelling attire. Even the dust of the long railroad journey from Hull was still upon his clothes.

"Gerald tells me that you and he have made friends already, Daphne," said Lina, in a happy voice.

She was standing by her lover's side in front of the open window, while Sir Vernon sat in a distant easy-chair devouring his *Times*, and trying to make up for the lost hours since the post came in.

"Yes, Daphne and I have sworn eternal friendship," exclaimed Gerald, gayly. "We mean to be a most devoted brother and sister. It was quite wonderful how quickly we broke the ice, and how thoroughly at home we became in a quarter of an hour."

"Daphne is not a very terrible personage," said Madoline, smiling at her sister's bright young face. "Well, darling, had you a happy day all by yourself? I was almost glad you were not with us. The coming of age was a very tiresome business. I had ten times rather have been in our own gardens with you."

"The whole entertainment was ineffably dull," said Sir Vernon, without looking from his paper.

And now the well-bred butler glided across the threshold, and gently insinuated that dinner was served, if it might be the pleasure of his people to come and eat it: whereupon Mr. Goring gave his arm to Madoline, and Sir Vernon, for the first time since his younger daughter's return, felt himself constrained to escort her to the dining-room, or leave her to follow in his wake like a lap-dog.

He deliberated for a moment or two as to which he should do; then made a hook of his elbow, and looked down at her dubiously, as much as to say that she might take it or leave it.

Daphne would have much liked to refuse the proffered boon, but she was in a dutiful mood to-night, so she meekly slipped her little gloved hand under her parent's sleeve, and walked by his side to the dining-room, where he let her hand drop directly they were inside the door.

Every one at South Hill hated a glare, so the dining-room, like the drawing-room, was lighted by moderator lamps under velvet shades. Two large brazen lamps, with deep-fringed purple shades, hung a little way above the table; two more lighted the sideboard. The French windows stood wide open, and across a balcony full of flowers appeared the shadowy landscape and the cool evening sky.

Sir Vernon was tired and out of spirits. He had very little to say about anything except the proceedings of the afternoon, and all his remarks upon the hospitalities at which he had assisted were of an abusive character. He could eat no dinner, his internal economy having been thrown altogether out of gear by the barbarity of a solid meal at three o'clock. His discontent would have effectually damped the spirits of any human beings except lovers. Those privileged beings inhabit a world of their own, so Madoline and Gerald smiled at each other, and talked to each other across the roses and lilies that beautified the dinner table, and seemed unconscious that anything unpleasant was going on.

Daphne watched them thoughtfully. How lovely her sister looked in the new light of this perfect happiness!—how unaffectedly she revealed her delight at her lover's return!

"How good it was of you to come back a month sooner than you had promised, Gerald!" she said.

"My dear girl, I have been pining to come home for the last six months, but as you and your father and I had chalked out a certain portion of Europe which I was to travel over, I thought I ought to go through with it; but if you knew how heartily sick I am of going from pillar to post, of craning my neck to look at the roofs of churches, and dancing attendance upon grubby old sacristans, and riding up narrow pathways on mules, and having myself and my luggage registered through from the bustling commercial city I am sick of to loathing after twenty-four hours' experience, to the sleepy mediæval town which I inevitably tire of in ten, you would be able to understand my delight in coming back to you and placid Warwickshire. By-the-bye, why didn't you take Daphne to see the Abbey? She tells me she has never been over to Goring."

"I should have had no pleasure in showing her your house"—"Our house," interjected Gerald—"while you were away."

"Well, dearest, it was a loving fancy, so I won't scold you for it. We'll have a—" He paused for an instant, looking at Daphne with a mischievous smile. "We'll have a picnic there to-morrow."

"Why a picnic?" grumbled Sir Vernon. "I can understand people eating out-of-doors when they have no house to shelter them, but nobody but an idiot would squat on the grass to dine if he could get at chairs and tables. Look at your gypsies and hawkers, now—you never catch them picknicking. If their tent or their caravan is ever so small and stuffy, they feed inside it."

"Never mind the hawkers," exclaimed Gerald, contemptuously. "A fig for common-sense! Of course everybody in his senses knows that such a dinner as this is much more comfortable than the most perfect picnic that ever was organized. But, for all that, I adore picnics, and we'll have one to-morrow, won't we, Daphne?"

He looked across the table at her in the subdued lamp-light, smiling, and expecting to see a responsive smile in her eyes; but she was preternaturally grave.

"Just as you like," she said.

"Just as I like! What a chilling repulse! Why, unless Madoline and you approve of the idea, I don't care a straw for it. I'll punish you for your indifference, Miss Daphne. You shall have a formal luncheon in the refectory at a table large enough for thirty, and groaning under my father's family plate, Garrard's, of the reign of Victoria—strictly ponderous and utilitarian. What a lovely light there is in the western sky!" said Gerald, as Madoline and her sister rose from the table. "Shall we all walk down to the river before we join Sir Vernon in the billiard-room? You'd like to try your hand against me, sir, I suppose, now that I come fresh from benighted lands where the tables have no pockets?"

"Yes, I'll play a game with you presently."

Gerald and the two girls went into the veranda, and thence by a flight of shallow steps to the lawn. It was a peerless night, after a peerless day. A young moon was shining above the topmost branches of the deodaras, and touching the Avon with patches of silvery light. The scene was lovely, the atmosphere delicious, but Daphne felt that she was one too many, though Madoline had linked an arm through hers. Those two had so much to talk about, so many questions to ask each other.

"And you have really come home for good?" said Madoline.

"For good, dearest; for the brightest fate that can befall a man—to marry the woman he loves, and settle down to a peaceful, placid life in the home of his—ancestor. I have been a rover quite long enough, and I shall rove no more except at your command."

"There are places I should love to visit with you, Gerald—Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol."

"We will go wherever you please, dearest. It will be delightful to me to show you all that is fairest on this earth, and to hear you say, when we are hunting vainly for some undiscovered nook where we may escape from the tourist herd, 'After all, there is no place like home.'"

"I shall only be too much inclined to say that. I love our own county, and the scenery I have known all my life."

"We must start early to-morrow, Lina. We have a great deal of business to get through at the Abbey."

"Business!"

"Yes, dear; I want you to give me your ideas about the building of new hot-houses. With your passion for flowers the present amount of glass will never be enough. What do you say to sending MacCloskie over to meet us there? His opinion as a practical man might be of use."

"If Mr. MacCloskie is going to picnic with you, I'll stay at home," said Daphne. "I admire the gentleman as a gardener, but I detest him as a human being."

"Don't be frightened, Daphne," said Gerald, laughing. "It is a levelling age, but we have not yet come to picnicking with our gardeners."

"Mr. MacCloskie is such a very superior person, I don't know what he might expect."

They had strolled down to the meadow by the river—a long stretch of level pasture, richly timbered, divided from the gardens by a ha-ha, over which there was a light iron bridge. They lingered for a little while by this bridge, looking across at the river.

"Do you know that Daphne has started a boat," said Madoline, "and has become very expert with a pair of sculls. She rowed me down to Stratford the day before yesterday, and back against the stream."

"Indeed! I congratulate you on a delightful accomplishment, Daphne. I don't see why girls should not have their pleasure out of the river as well as boys. I've a brilliant idea. The Abbey is only five miles up the river. Suppose we charter Daphne's boat for to-morrow. I can pull a pretty good stroke, and the distance will be easy between us two. Will your boat hold three of us comfortably, do you think, Daphne?"

"It would hold six."

"Then consider your services retained for to-morrow. I shall enjoy the miniature prettiness of the Avon, after the mightier streams I have been upon lately."

"I don't suppose Lina would like it," faltered Daphne, not appearing elated at the idea.

"Lina would like it immensely," said her sister. "I shall feel so safe if you are with us, Gerald. What a strange girl you are, Daphne! A week ago you were eager to carry me to the end of the world in your boat."

"You can have the boat, of course, if you like, and I'll pull if you want me," returned Daphne, somewhat ungraciously, "but I think you'll find five miles of the Avon rather a monotonous business. It is a very lovely river if you take it in sections, but as both banks present a succession of green fields and pollard willows, it is just possible for the human mind to tire of it."

"Daphne, you are an absolute cynic—and at seventeen!" exclaimed Gerald, with pretended horror. "What will you be by the time you are forty?"

"If I am alive, I dare say I shall be a very horrid old woman," said Daphne. "Perhaps something after the pattern of Aunt Rhoda. I can't conceive anything much worse than that."

"Papa will be waiting for his game of billiards," said Lina. "We had better hurry back to the house."

They were met on the threshold of the conservatory by Mrs. Ferrers. That lady had a wonderful knack of getting acquainted with everything that happened at South Hill. If there had been a semaphore on the roof she could hardly have known things sooner.

"My dear Gerald, what a delightful surprise you have given us!" she exclaimed. "I put on my hat the instant the rector had said grace. I left him to eat his dessert alone—a thing that has not happened since we were married—and walked over to bid you welcome. How well you are looking! how very brown you have grown! I am so glad to see you!"

"It was very good of you to come over on purpose, Mrs. Ferrers."

"May I not be Aunt Rhoda instead of Mrs. Ferrers? I should like it ever so much better. Next year I shall be really your aunt, you know."

"And the rector will be your uncle," said Daphne, pertly. "He is mine already, and he is ever so much kinder than when I was only his parishioner."

Mrs. Ferrers shot a piercing look, half angry, half interrogative, at her younger niece. The rector had showed a reprehensible tendency to praise the girl's beauty, had on one occasion gone so far as to offer her a patriarchal kiss, from which Daphne had recoiled involuntarily, saying afterward to her sister that "one must draw the line somewhere."

"Vernon has gone to bed," said Aunt Rhoda; "he felt thoroughly wearied out after the gathering at Holmsley, which seems, from his account, to have been a very dull business. I am glad the rector and I declined. A cold luncheon is positive death to him."

"Then we needn't go in-doors yet awhile," said Gerald. "It is lovely out here. Shall I fetch a wrap for you, Lina?"

Mrs. Ferrers was carefully draped in her China crape shawl—one of Madoline's wedding gifts to her aunt, and costly enough for a royal present.

"Thanks. There is a shawl on a sofa in the drawing-room."

"Let Daphne fetch it," interjected Mrs. Ferrers; and her niece flew to obey, while the other three sauntered slowly along the broad terrace in front of the windows.

There were some light iron chairs and a table at one end of the walk, and here they seated themselves to enjoy the summer night.

"As our English summer is a matter of about five weeks, broken by a good deal of storm and rain, we ought to make the most of it," remarked Gerald. "I hope we shall have a fine day for the Abbey to-morrow."

"You are going to take Lina to the Abbey?"

"Yes, for a regular business-like inspection, that we may see what will have to be improved, or altered, or added, or done away with before next year."

"How interesting! I should like so much to drive over with you. My experience in house-keeping matters might possibly be of use."

"Invaluable, no doubt," answered Gerald, with

his easy-going, half-listless air; "but we must postpone that advantage until the next time. We are going in Daphne's boat, which will only comfortably hold three," said Gerald, with a calm contempt for actual truth which horrified Madoline, who was rigidly truthful even in the most trivial things.

"Going in Daphne's boat! What an absurd idea!"

"Don't say that, Aunt Rhoda, for it's my idea," remonstrated Gerald.

"But I can't help saying it. When you have half a dozen carriages at your disposal, and when the drive to Goring is absolutely lovely, to go in a horrid little boat!"

"It is a very nice boat, Aunt Rhoda, and Daphne manages it capitally," said Lina.

"I think it will be a delightful, dreamy way of going," said Gerald. "We shall take our time about it. There is no reason we should hurry. I shall order a carriage to meet us at the bottom of Goring Lane, where we shall land. If we prefer to drive home, we can do so."

"My dear Gerald, you and Madoline are the best judges of what is agreeable to yourselves, but I can not help thinking that you are encouraging Daphne in a most unbecoming pursuit."

The appearance of Daphne herself with the shawl put a stop to the argument. She folded the soft woollen wrap round her sister, and then stooped to kiss her.

"Good-night, Lina," she said.

"Going to bed so early, Daphne? I hope you are not ill?"

"Only a little tired after my rambles. Good-night, Aunt Rhoda; good-night, Mr. Goring;" and Daphne ran away.

"Aunt Rhoda might drive over and meet us at Goring, Gerald," suggested Madoline, who always thought of other people's pleasure, and did not wish her aunt to fancy herself ignored.

"Certainly; I shall be charmed, if you think it worth your while," said Gerald.

"Then I shall certainly come. My ponies want exercise, and to-morrow is one of the rector's parochial days, so he won't miss me for an hour or two. What time do you contemplate arriving at the Abbey?"

"Oh, I suppose between one and two, the orthodox luncheon hour," answered Gerald.

Daphne was up and dressed before five o'clock next morning. She had set her little American alarm-clock for five; but that had been a needless precaution, since she had not slept above a quarter of an hour at a time all through the short summer night. She had seen the last glimmer of the fading moon, the first faint glow of sunlight flickering on her wall. She stole softly down stairs, unlocked doors, and drew bolts with the silent dexterity of a professional house-breaker, feeling almost as guilty as if she had been one; and in the cool quiet morning, while all the world besides herself seemed asleep, she ran lightly across the dewy lawn, down to the iron bridge by which she had stood with Madoline and Gerald last night. Then she crossed the meadow, wading ankle-deep in wet grass, and scaring the placid kine, and thus to the boat-house.

She went in and got into her boat, which was drawn up under cover, and carefully protected by linen clothing. She whisked the covering off, and seated herself on the floor of the boat in front of the place of honor, above which appeared the name of the craft in gilded letters on the polished pine —*Nero*.

She took out her penknife and began carefully, laboriously, to scrape away the gilt lettering. The thing had been so conscientiously done, the letters were so sunk and branded into the wood, that the task seemed endless; she was still digging and scraping at the first letter when Arden church clock struck six, every stroke floating clear and sweet across the river.

"What—an—utter—idiot I was," she said to herself, in an exasperated tone, emphasizing each word with a savage dig of her knife into the gilded wood. "And how shall I ever get all these letters out before breakfast-time?"

"Why attempt it?" asked a low, pleasant voice close at hand, and Daphne, becoming suddenly aware of the odor of tobacco mixed with the perfumes of a summer meadow, looked up and saw Gerald Goring lounging against the door-post.

"Why erase the name?" he asked. "It is a very good name—classical, historical, and not altogether inappropriate. Nero was a boat-builder himself, you know."

"Was he?" said Daphne, sitting limply in the bottom of her boat, completely unnerved.

"Yes; the vessel he built was a failure, or at any rate the result of his experiment was unsatisfactory, but the intention was original, and deserves praise. I am sorry you have spoiled the first letter of his name."

"Don't distress yourself," exclaimed Daphne, jumping up and stepping briskly out of her boat. "I am going to change the name of my boat, and I thought I could do it this morning as a surprise for Lina; but it was a more difficult business than I supposed. And now I must run home as fast as I can and make myself tidy for breakfast. My father is the essence of punctuality."

"But as half past eight is his breakfast hour, you need not be in a desperate hurry. It has only just struck six. Will you come for a stroll?"

"No, thank you. I have ever so much to do before breakfast."

"Czerny's studies of velocity?"

"No."

"French grammar?"

"No."

"Be sure you are ready to start directly after breakfast."

Daphne scampered off through the wet grass, leaving Mr. Goring standing by the boat-house door, looking down with an amused smile at the mutilated name.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE DOG KNOWS.

IF we cut open the head of a man, we shall find in it a large and highly developed optic centre, directly connected with the eye and the nerves of sight, and having numerous side connections with other parts of the brain. This large nervous mass accurately reflects the extreme importance of sight in the human system. Our world is mainly a world of visible objects, corrected and interpreted by the indications of our sense of touch and of our muscular activity. We think of things chiefly as we see them, and very little as we smell them or taste them. Accordingly, we find that in man the olfactory lobes, which stand to the sense of smell in the same relation as the optic centres stand to the sense of sight, are small and inconspicuous. They have apparently but few connections with other parts of the brain, and they do not answer to any large and important associations of ideas. We find our consciousness of smells is merely isolated, while our consciousness of sights is continuous and closely interwoven with all our thinking. Forms and colors, actual and ideal, make up the greater part of our material universe. When we think of Paris, or of Switzerland, or of our friend Jones, our ideas are mostly ideas of their visible aspect, and very little suspicion of any other sense than sight enters into our mental picture.

On the other hand, if we cut open the head of a dog, we find a large and developed optic centre, much the same as man's; but we also find a very big and very important olfactory lobe, having an immense number of lateral connections with every other part of the brain. The dog's nose is an organ almost, if not quite, as important to him as his eyes, and entirely analogous to our own fingers. If you and I see any object which we do not know, and if we are anxious to learn more about its nature, we go up to it and handle it. But if my dog Anacharsis sees anything of the same sort, he can not handle it, so he smells it instead. When he has carefully sniffed at it all round, and compared the smell with all similar or contrasting smells in his well-stored memory, he *knows* the object, just as you and I do when we have handled it. He may then proceed to tear it with his teeth, or to worry it, or to leave it disdainfully alone as a thing not worthy his exalted notice. But the essential acts in his cognition of it are the seeing and the smelling, just as with us they are the seeing and the handling. Note, too, that while sight in both cases supplies us with what we may call distant information about the object, it is smell in the dog, or handling in ourselves, which gives us the ultimate and final knowledge of what the thing is in itself—of its inner and intimate nature. If Macbeth sees an airy dagger, we ask him whether he can grasp it also; a dog, under similar circumstances, would go up and take a sniff at it. Sometimes Anacharsis is taken in for a moment by his eyes, like all the rest of us; but when he has made an olfactory examination of the doubtful object, his mind is set at rest immediately. A feather moving in the breeze often imposes upon him for a moment, until a sniff reveals the fact that it is a dead feather only, and not a living butterfly.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharsis knows me, when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble by scent amongst a thousand others. Even the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. The blood-hound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharsis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone, and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles or straws which lie across the road. Thus the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

We human beings remember smells but ill. The facts mentioned above, however, show that the dog not only recognizes, but also remembers, smells far better than we do. His high discrimination of odors is joined to an equally high power of memory in the same direction. Anacharsis remembers from day to day the smell of my clothes; he recognizes old friends, after long absence, by their odor; he recollects and knows the distinctive perfumes of every bird or animal. Nay, more, it is probable that these smell memories are consolidated into a regular succession in his mind, just as sight memories are consolidated in ours. If you and I have once been to a place, we find our way back again by remembering the visible aspect of the road, the various streets and turnings, the trees and houses, the hills and valleys. But if Anacharsis has once been to a place, and goes there again, you will see him taking notes as he runs along, not with his eyes, but with his nose. You will see him give a hearty whiff of recognition at every corner, or take a dubitative long breath at an uncertain cross-road. It has long been known that dogs conveyed by train to a strange place, or else carried in a covered basket, have often found their way home again at once, and without difficulty. Now Mr. A. R. Wallace suggests that they probably do so by observing and remembering the smells they have met with on the way; and Professor Robertson further points out that such memory is the less remarkable when we recollect that the sense of smell in dogs is most likely an unbroken whole. "The dog's world," he says, "may be, in the main, a world of sights and smells continuous in space." In other words, while you and I think of a given field as a mass of visible objects, Anacharsis very probably thinks of it as a mass of smells. Most likely it seems no more remarkable to a dog that he can remember a whole string of odors in their regular order than it seems remarkable to us that we can remember our way from one point to another by means of a whole string of visible objects, observed and recollected as signs of the road.

Again, when the dog thinks of anything, its smell must be a main part of his thinking about it. He must remember a man always to a great extent as a smellable thing. Indeed, the dog even dreams about smells, as we may see by his sniffing and growling in his sleep. If you watch him narrowly, you can notice that at one time he seems to dream of hunting, puts his nose down against the hearth-rug, and draws in his breath with a kind of quiet satisfaction, as if engaged in silently tracking down his game; while at other times he appears to dream about an enemy, when he may be observed to take sharp snorts of a convulsive kind, and to yelp angrily as he raises his head a little from the ground, in the half-assumed attitude of battle.

These examples lead us on to the fact that smells must also be largely connected in the canine mind with all kinds of appropriate emotions. Some of them must rouse associated feelings of devotion to a master, of affection, of anger, of dislike, of excitement, or of fear. The least odor of rat or rabbit will set a terrier frantic with the hunting fever; the spoor of a negro will drive the blood-hound wild with the instinct of tracking down the fugitive. I have known many Cuban blood-hounds in Jamaica which always fawned upon a white man, friend or stranger, but could not be trusted for a moment by any black man, including even the servants who ordinarily fed them. That scent, not color, formed the means of discrimination is certain, for they attacked negroes at night even more than by day. Everybody must have noticed thousands of similar instances, where particular emotions were obviously associated in the minds of dogs with particular odors.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT a recent meeting of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house the plans for the new building were selected and the site chosen—between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets and Vanderbilt and Madison avenues. It is the intention to make this opera-house, as regards completeness and excellence for the purpose of music, one of the finest in the world. The cost of the building is estimated at $450,000. Special attention will be given to the heating, lighting, ventilation, and means of exit, and it will be thoroughly fire-proof. Work on the building is to be begun immediately, and it is expected to be open to the public at the commencement of another winter.

The ascent of Mont Blanc is always considered a perilous adventure, and that it could be accomplished by a blind man seems almost incredible. Yet this extraordinary feat has been successfully achieved by a Mr. Campbell, a man without sight. In his own account of this ascent he says, "It was not a sudden, reckless undertaking, but was the result of a fixed purpose, after long and careful preparation." He had spent four weeks' continuous work among the glaciers and in various mountain ascents before attempting that of Mont Blanc. His desire seems to have been to show to others afflicted like himself what can be accomplished by self-possession, perseverance, and resolution.

It is often a perplexing question to New York people whose hearts are moved by the distress and misery of the poor how to best help them, with little time and means at their command. To such the Earle Guild will be a helpful way. Tickets are put up in packages of ten each, and sold for a dollar. Certain articles of food or fuel can be obtained by these tickets at a specified place. This prevents any disposal of them at rum shops, and prevents as nearly as possible all opportunity of fraud. Mr. Earle, the proprietor of Earle's Hotel, has made this arrangement for the third season, and invites the help and co-operation of the charitable public.

A Russian journal gives some interesting official information in regard to the drainage of the great Russian marshes in recent years. At the close of the year 1879, 20,000,000 acres of the Polessié marshes had been reclaimed by 632 miles of canals. During that year thirty-four bridges furnished with hydraulic machinery for the purpose of watering the fields in time of drought were erected on these canals. These, added to the number previously built, make sixty-eight. In this same district half a million of these reclaimed acres are now arable land, which has added 14,000,000 rubles to the national wealth. Great drainage-works are carried on in other sections, which will give a great impulse to the wealth and prosperity of that country.

The largest cotton mill in the United States has just been opened at Willimantic, Connecticut. It is one immense single room, 820 feet by 174, and one story high, lighted at night by fifty-one electric lights.

A peculiar accident happened not long since to one of the instruments of the Telephone Dispatch Company in Boston. The wire connected with the electric light on one of the large dry-goods stores became loosened, and dropped upon that extending to the telephone instrument, and the current passing through the detached wire was so powerful that it loosened and melted the tightly coiled wire in the box, scorched the wood-work, and otherwise damaged it so as to render it perfectly useless. Had an operator been using the instrument at the time, it must certainly have resulted fatally to him.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is doing a good work by circulating copies of the law which prohibits the sale of liquor to minors, among the saloons of this city, and persons knowing of the violation of the law are requested to inform the superintendent of the society, at 100 East Twenty-third Street.

In connection with the New Jersey State Fair held last year a Sanitary Department was instituted, which has increased so greatly that this year a special building was provided for that purpose. This is the first sanitary exhibition given in this country, and it promises to be of great permanent interest and utility.

A fondness for cats has often been considered as a weakness peculiar to the feminine portion of humanity; but in fact many great men have been guilty of a remarkable liking for puss. Richelieu's special favorite was a splendid Angora, his furry confidant's usual resting-place being his Eminence's table, among state documents, books, etc. Montaigne used to obtain relaxation by playing with his cat. Colbert reared half a dozen cats in his private study, and taught them to perform all sorts of tricks. Fontenelle was very fond of cats, and used to place a particular old "Tom" in an arm-chair, and deliver an oration before him. Mohammed had a great liking for cats; and throughout the East the feline tribe is respected.

In the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes in this city a system is followed which teaches deaf-mute children to speak and to understand what is said to them by observing the motions of the speaker's lips. Power to articulate is acquired in three or four months. There are now about one hundred and twenty pupils under instruction. The corner-stone of the new building of the institution was recently laid in Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets.

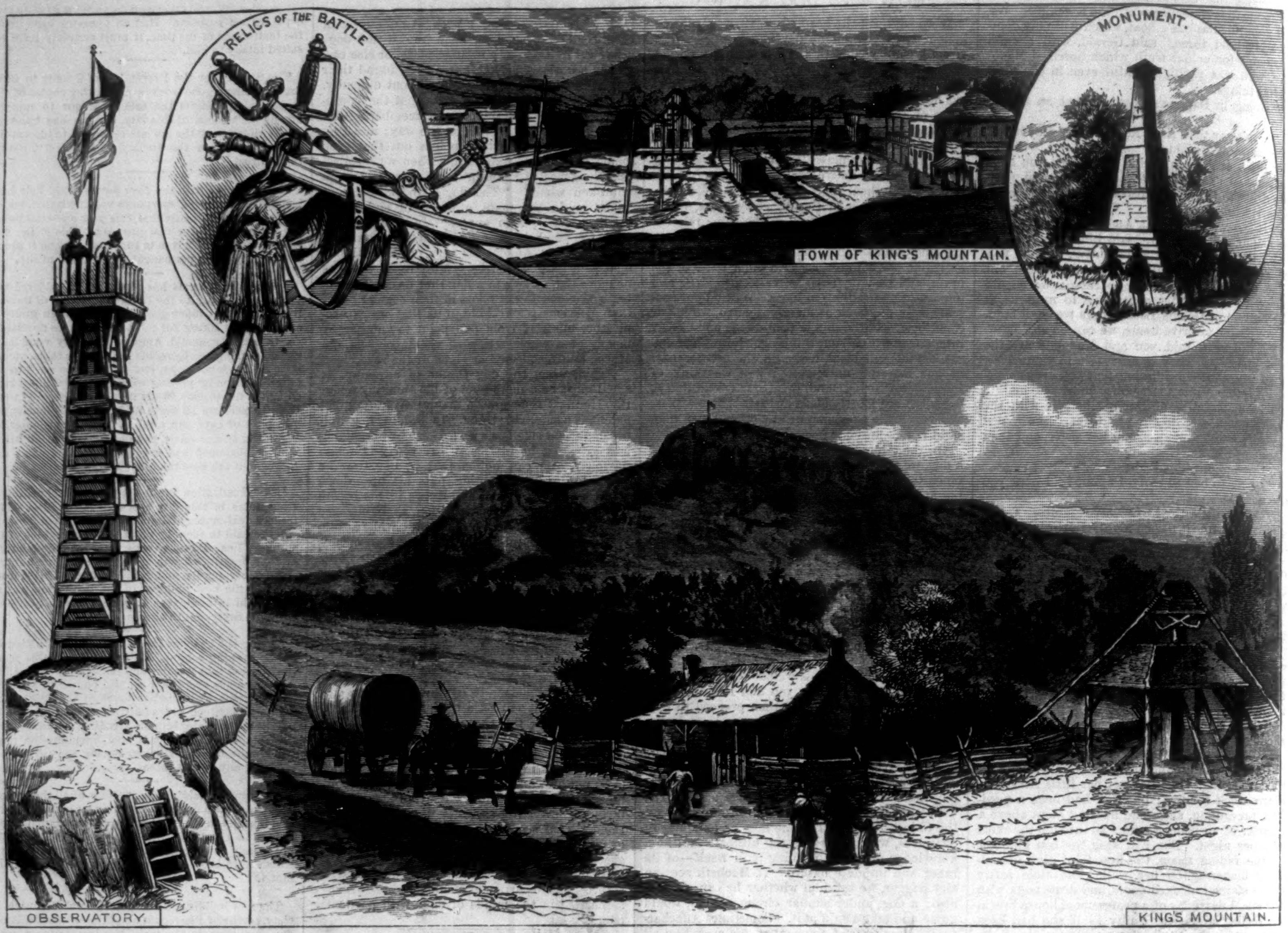
Among the changes in the mode of conducting the public evening schools in New York city this year is the division into "senior and junior schools." In the junior schools there is a regular course of study for all to pursue, and scholars between the ages of thirteen and eighteen are admitted. Five branches are taught in the senior schools—reading, arithmetic, penmanship, composition, and book-keeping—the pupils (who must be over sixteen) having the privilege of studying any two of these.

A volume containing descriptions of all the presents ever given to a queen is certainly an oddity, but it is said that Queen Victoria proposes to issue such a book. It is to be illustrated by photographs, and to include not merely costly gifts, but simple tokens of affection which have been given by her poor subjects at Balmoral.

The new building of the Long Island Historical Society, corner of Pierrepont and Clinton streets, Brooklyn, comprises, in the main, the lecture-room, which will seat about 600 persons, a library, where are accommodations for over 90,000 volumes, and a spacious museum. The library is an elegant apartment, and the whole building is handsomely constructed. The interior will be arranged during the present month, and it is expected that the formal opening will take place early in November. The Historical Society has about 1200 members. The library now contains about 26,000 volumes, with nearly as many carefully selected pamphlets, and many very valuable manuscripts.

For about six years past the police force in this city has had no material addition to its number, which is between 2300 and 2400 men. Recently the Board of Police has presented to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment statements showing the urgent need of an increase of the force, and asking the necessary appropriation, for it is manifest that it is useless to add to the number of men unless there is money to pay them. As the population and business of New York have greatly increased within the past six years, it is certain that more police officers are needed for the protection of citizens and their property. Petitions have been received by the Board of Police from business firms in various parts of the city asking for more policemen, to make life and property secure in their vicinity.

Not long ago the Rev. Robert Collyer told the story of his life to the students of Eastman's Business College, in Poughkeepsie, drawing from it many pointed morals. The "story" is well worth reading and pondering; and we can not forbear giving our readers one or two brief extracts from the published report. Mr. Collyer mentioned four things which, "as he had learned his lesson, go to make a man: good birth, good breeding, your own good endeavor, and that good fortune which is but another name for the goodness of God." He described the simple home in Yorkshire, paying his mother a tender tribute for the cleanliness and wholesome regimen that secured perfect health, and for the training that repelled vice and fostered self-improvement. In concluding his "talk," Mr. Collyer gave the following characteristic and sensible advice: "When you get through with the college, and take hold of your life's work, do not think of making a fortune as the one grand aim of your life, but of carving out a home, finding a good, true woman for your wife, and raising, please God, a good family. I do not cry down money. I think it is a good servant and a good friend, but it is about as cruel a master as ever used a whip. A shrewd farmer said to me once, 'Never marry for money, my lad; marry for love; but if thou finds a nice girl that has money, try to love her.' I would not say that to you, but this: If you find the nice girl, some such match for you as my mother was for my father, and if you love her, marry her, if she will have you, though she has not a dollar to her name. This is a sore evil under our American sun, that there should be such mishap and disaster in the wedded life. It lies in this, that in the most momentous thing we can do we so often use the least judgment. We who have had our turn want the young men of your birth and breeding to raise a generation of a nobler and better type, boys and girls strong of arm and sure of foot, deep-chested, sunny-hearted, full of faculty, and wholesome to the innermost nerve, and to do this you must do two things: give them noble mothers, and don't 'linger shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away,' but when you know you can take care of a home in a simple, wholesome fashion, go right to work and do it."



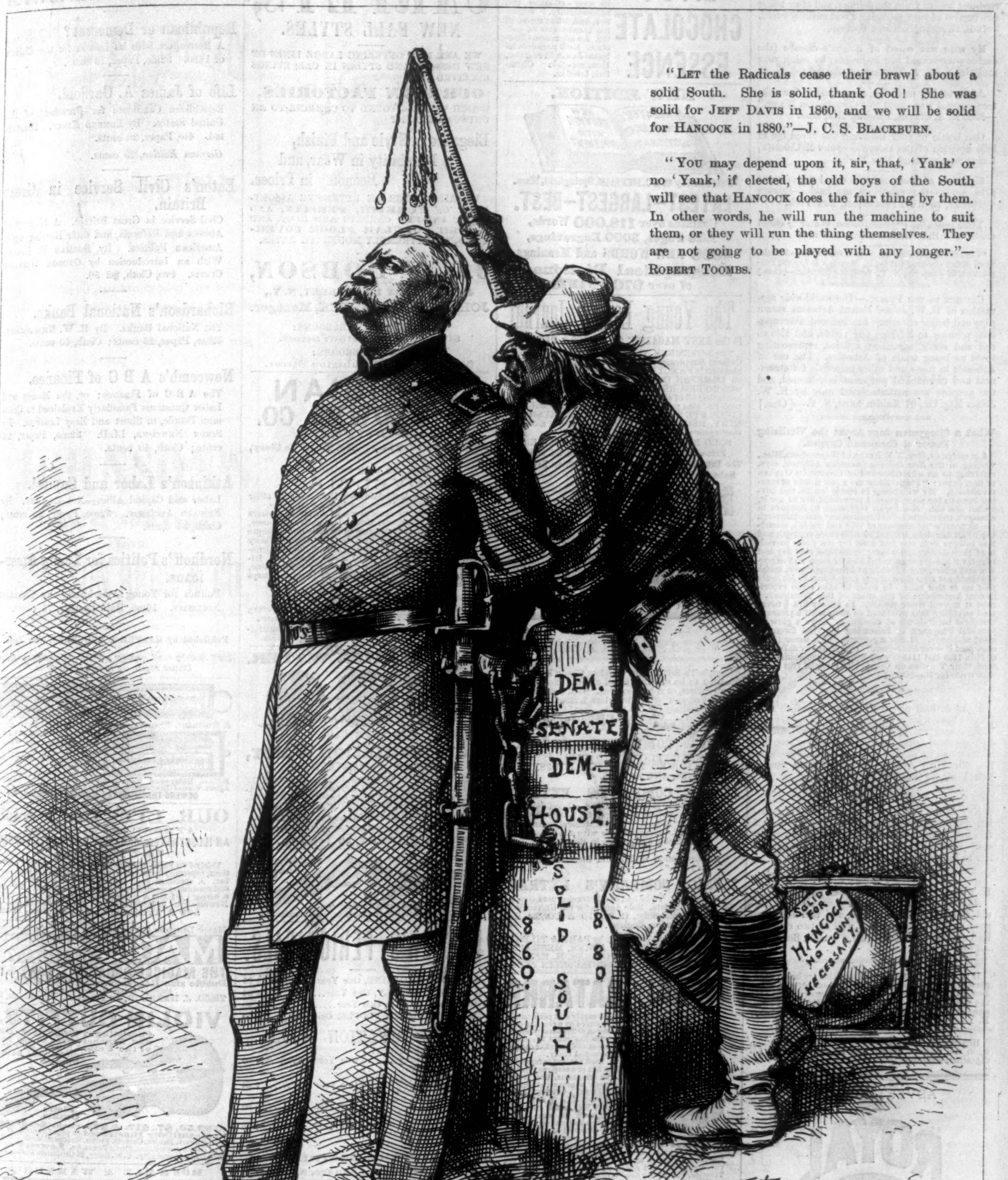
THE KING'S MOUNTAIN CENTENNIAL.—From Sketches by H. Bradley.—[See Page 695.]

THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"They came to where two roads met, and here stood a man called Flattery, who tried to induce Christian [Uncle Sam] to leave the straight road and trust to *his* guidance. 'No,' said Christian; 'my strong friend, Great Heart, has guided me, so far, safely on my way, and I should be but tempting Providence to *change* now!'"

"LET the Radicals cease their brawl about a solid South. She is solid, thank God! She was solid for JEFF DAVIS in 1860, and we will be solid for HANCOCK in 1880."—J. C. S. BLACKBURN.

"YOU may depend upon it, sir, that, 'Yank' or no 'Yank,' if elected, the old boys of the South will see that HANCOCK does the fair thing by them. In other words, he will run the machine to suit them, or they will run the thing themselves. They are not going to be played with any longer."—ROBERT TOOMBS.



MASTER AND SLAVE.

SOLID SOUTH. *"I count you* IN—and you will be as a Rag Baby in my hands."

Thirteen years ago I was sick with Bright's disease for eight months, without receiving the slightest benefit from the doctors, and after using two bottles of your medicine I was entirely cured. —L. R. Cushing, Saratoga Springs.

My wife was cured of Bright's disease (the doctor pronounced her incurable) by using your medicine.—W. A. Trevathan, Battleboro, N. C.

After taking medicine, almost daily, for thirteen years, I was cured by "Constitution Water." —Mrs. M. A. Staten, Pleasant Hill, Miss.

One bottle of your medicine has cured me of inflammation of the kidneys.—John McCormick, Union Square Hotel, New York.

Six doses of your medicine cured me of acute pain across the small of my back.—Robert Cathcart, 70 West 19th Street, New York.

Your medicine ("Constitution Water") cured me of catarrh of the bladder.—A. Davis.

"Constitution Water" a sure cure for childhood weakness. Ask your druggist for it. Morgan & Allen, Proprietors, 59 John St., N. Y. Send for circular.—[Com.]

Caution to the Public.—The world-wide reputation of H. W. Johns' Patent Asbestos steam pipe and boiler coverings has induced unscrupulous persons to infringe our rights, and also to sell and apply worthless articles, representing them as being made of Asbestos. The use of Asbestos in these and other materials for structural and mechanical purposes is patented, and the genuine are manufactured only by H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[Com.]

What a Clergyman Says About the Vitalizing Power of Compound Oxygen.

A clergyman, Rev. W. B. Hines, of Waynesboro, Miss., writing to the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*, says, referring to an advertisement of Compound Oxygen in that paper: "Please allow me a few words of commendation. My wife being in feeble health, and having been so for many years, I persuaded her to use it, which she did. She began very soon to improve in strength, and continued to improve, and passed through the unusually hot summer of 1878 and the fall, attending to all her domestic duties with more strength and less fatigue than she had done for ten years preceding; then during the winter nursed the sick day and night, with more than usual loss of sleep and exposure and effort, and all without breaking down, *which she could not have done at any period during ten years past up to that time.* In order to have some experimental knowledge of the effect of this Treatment, I used it several times myself. In all my life I never used anything that produced so soon such a pleasant healthful naturalness of condition. Gave a glow of youthful buoyancy by increasing the vital forces of mind and body. *It gave a compass and a power to my voice that it never had before.*" Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., send their Treatise on Compound Oxygen free to all who write for it.—[Com.]

Many curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by Howard & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[Com.]

Now is the best season of the year for painting dwellings, barns, fences, etc., on account of freedom from flies, dust, summer heat and showers. We are constantly in receipt of letters similar to the following:

Lake View House, Livonia, N. Y., *February* 9, 1880.

H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs,—We have used your Asbestos Liquid Paint on our buildings, and find one coat goes as far and covers as well as two coats of lead and oil. Yours truly, E. R. Bolles. —[Com.]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. J. W. Hancox, Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.—[Com.]

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, by its healthful action upon the nervous system and stomach, relieves Indigestion, Headache, &c.

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Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

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Product of a special refining process. It is Chocolate devoided of its over-richness and substantiality. Sugarless, and, when made, of the consistence of coffee. An afternoon Chocolate. Each packet is labelled James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

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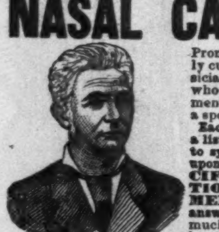

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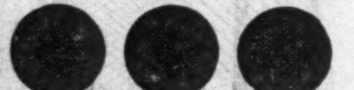

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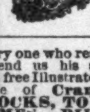

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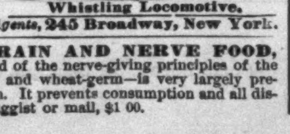

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